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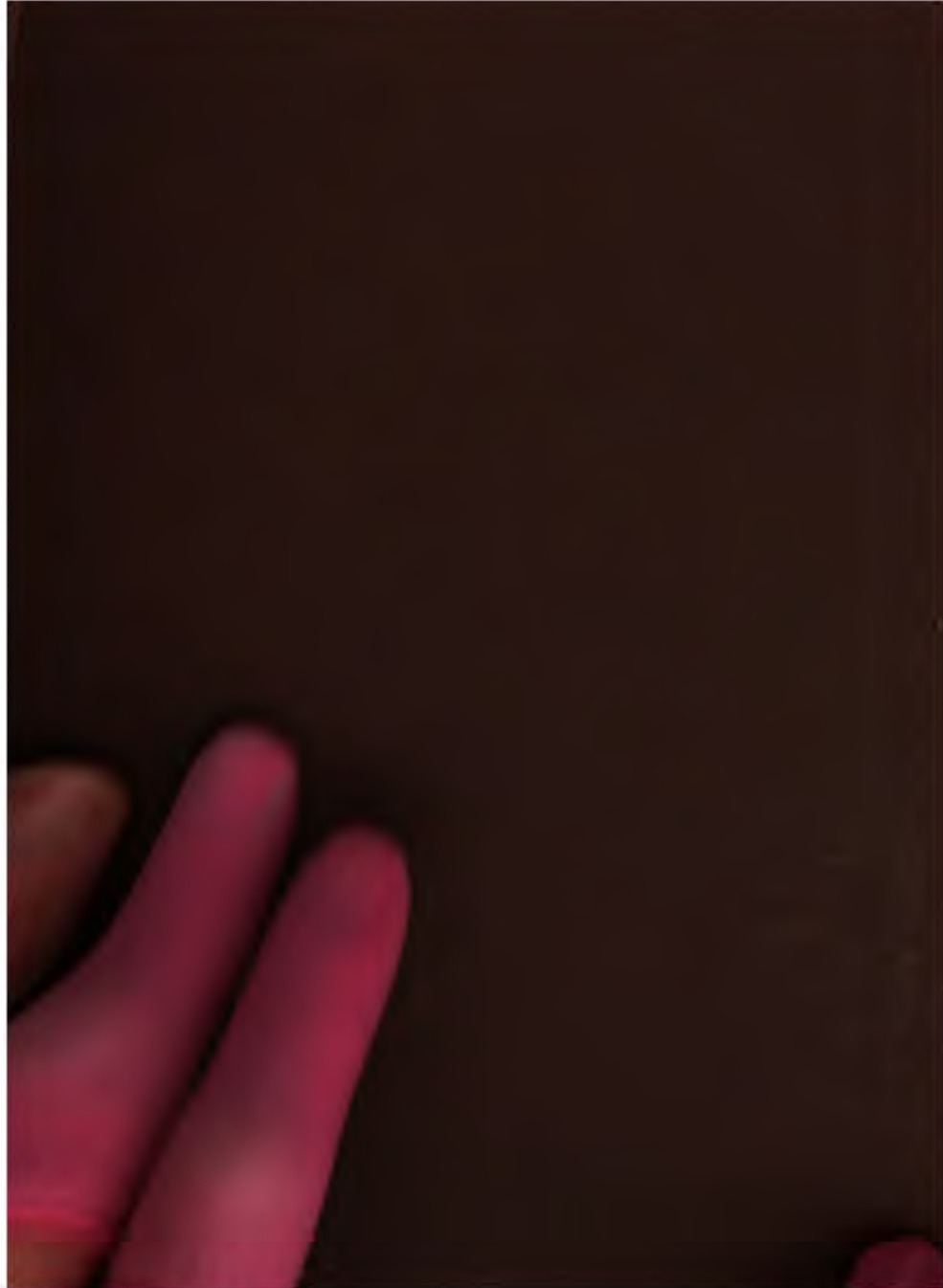
STORY AFTER STORY











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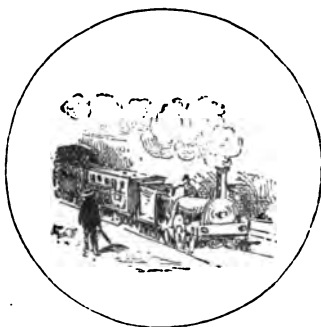
LIZZY MOXON AND HER LAMB.

STORY AFTER STORY

Of Land and Sea, Man and Beast

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“CHEERFUL SUNDAYS”

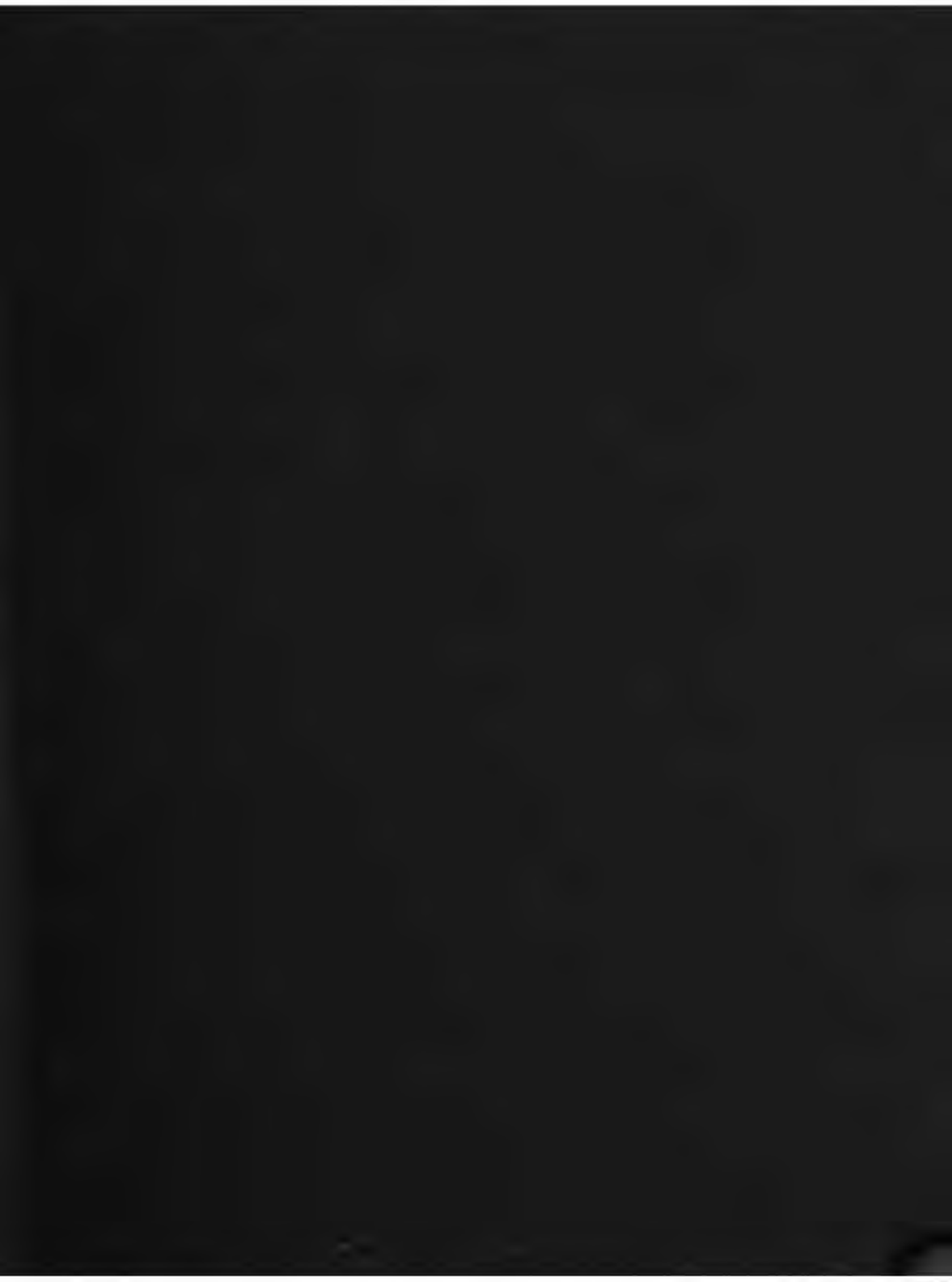


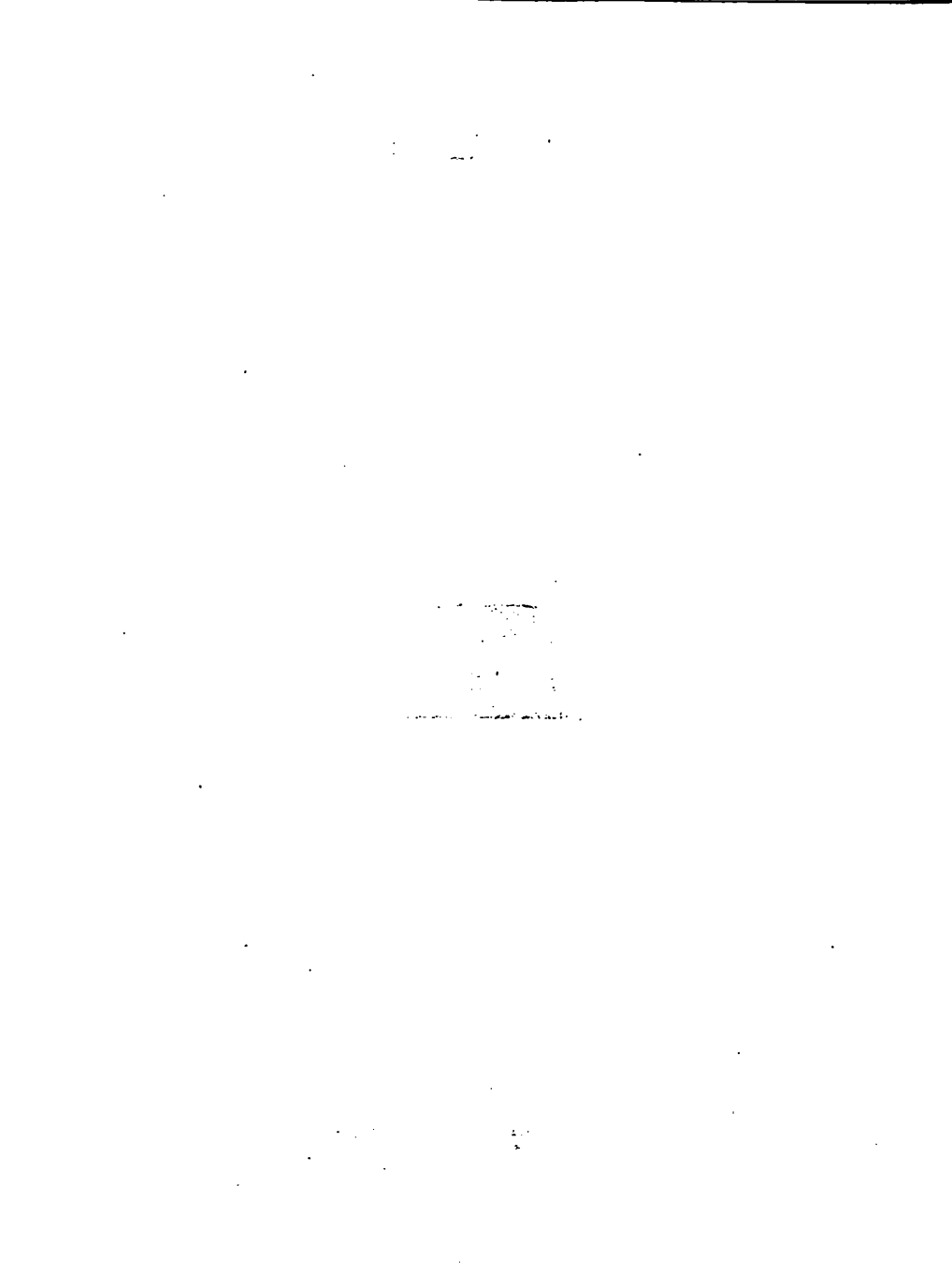
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JOEY.

JOEY was a monkey, not a man. He came from Panama, where, as a little monkey, he had spent his time in leaping about from branch to branch, in one of the great forests out there. But he was not so wise as older monkeys, and got "taken in," as people would say, with a trap; and so he was caught.

As Joey was a happy little fellow, and full of fun, it did not matter much to him where he was—whether

JOEY.

a captive in a lady's house, or at home in the wild branches of the Panama forest—it was all the same to him.

But it was not quite the same to others. In the forest Joey had just done as he liked: broken what branches he liked; eaten what fruit he liked; pulled what monkey's tail he liked; slept, jumped, screamed, and, in short, did generally just what he liked to do, and just when he liked to do it.

Now, when Joey came into a lady's house, he carried on much in the same way. He would not—perhaps, poor little fellow! he could not—learn manners. First he explored the lady's garden, broke trees, plucked flowers, uprooted plants, pulled down creepers, and did as much mischief in an hour as it took the gardener, the sun, and the showers a good month to make right again.

So then he was chained. But no chain, that would not have been cruelly heavy, could keep Joey. He sat down and considered how to get free again, and, though nobody could tell how, yet he always managed to have his way. He had a pair of clever fingers, and never did he give up a thing till he had done it. If Joey had been at school, what a fine scholar he would have made, would he not?

But you would have laughed most to see Joey and



JOEY AT HOME.

JOEY.

his favourite little playfellow, the kitten, at their breakfast. They drank out of the same dish of milk.

Joey soon taught the kitten that Joey must drink first. He lifted up the dish, took his draught, and then placed the dish on the floor for the kitten to have her lap. But Joey never could understand why the kitten only lapped—why she did not lift up the dish and drink properly, as he did. And he would show his impatience at that slow and senseless way of getting a breakfast by shaking the dish on one side of her, then going half round her and tweaking her tail, then going the other half and shaking the dish on the other side of her, all the while grunting little grunts and squeaking little squeaks.

But the grave little kitten never took his hints, and went on lapping after her own fashion, till Joey could bear it no longer. Then he would lift the kitten's head up by the ears, drag the dish away, and punish her slowness either by breaking the dish and spilling the milk, or by leaping with it into a chair, where he would sit lecturing his dull little scholar to his heart's content on the proper way to get a breakfast. But Joey never got the kitten into his way of doing things.

At night it was the kitten's turn to lecture Joey. Joey would frisk about the whole day long, but at night

JOEY.

he loved to coil himself up in his blanket and go to sleep like a sensible little fellow. Now, night was the time when the kitten began to be most lively, and she would go to Joey's blanket and pull it, and purr



JOEY AND THE KITTEN.

at him and play with him in a way which he did not at all enjoy.

At times he would get into a furious rage, then the kitten, thinking what a dull, stupid thing little Joey was, went off to her night's sport with the mice. It

JOEY.

is very silly for a boy to be scolding a girl for not doing things just as boys do—that is, to scold a girl for not being a boy, just as Joey scolded the kitten for not being a monkey.

Joey loved much to hear the crash which china makes when it falls on the floor, and many were the darts that he made at the dresser to seize a plate or a cup. If he was successful in these attempts, there was small chance of its ever being used again.

Fortunately, Joey could not bear bright-feathered birds, so, as there were some stuffed ones of gaudy plumage in the lady's drawing-room, Joey would not go there. Perhaps he remembered this sort of bird flying at him and pecking him when he lived at home in the forest.

But if Joey could get into a bedroom, he would stuff everything he could get into the water-jug—soap, trinkets, sponges, pin-cushions, candles and candle-sticks, slippers—anything, indeed, that could be got through the water-jug's neck.

One day poor Joey nearly choked himself, by trying to swallow a large signet-ring, which stuck in his throat. He was near his last gasp when his mistress found him, and saved her ring and Joey's life. Mischief, mischief, mischief, Joey was in from morning till night.

FLORA.

But then, poor fellow ! his place was the forest, and what was mischief in a house would be, of course, all right there. There is a place for everything, but the misfortune was that poor Joey was not in his place.



FLORA.

FLORA was her papa's and mamma's only child, and much did they love her. Many were the nice toys they bought for her ; two living things she had received as presents from her two kind aunts, she treasured more than any of her toys, because she loved to be kind and to make hearts happy. She was gentle to her tea-things, and never got angry with even the wooden animals of her Noah's Ark ; but tea-things and Noah's Ark animals could not be made happy, so she did not enjoy playing with such things as much as with the two living things which her two kind aunts had given to her, for they could be made happy.

FLORA.

Flora loved her cockatoo, a beautiful white cockatoo, and Cockatoo loved Flora. To her often-asked question, "Who is Flora's pet?" he answered, "Cockatoo!" "Who is very happy on Flora's shoulder?" "Cockatoo!" "Who likes nuts?" "Cockatoo!" And Flora was delighted to know all this.

Her dog, Dash, could not talk as Cockatoo, but Flora thought that Dash had most to say, and she wondered how it was that dear, silly Cockatoo could talk, and dear, sensible old Dash could not. She used to look into his beautiful eyes and read how glad he was to be spoken to, and stroked, and taken out for walks.

All Flora's pleasures were doubled by the pleasure of these two tender-hearted pets. She learnt as a little girl that it is more pleasant to give pleasure than to receive it; and on this account, all through life she was more loved by everybody and far happier.





FLORA, DASH, AND COCKATOO.

UNCLE JOHN.

WHEN I was a child, Uncle John was a great joy to me. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and a blue cap with a gold band round it. But though his dress looked very nice, he was not a joy to me because of his dress, but because he had such a kind, warm heart, and told me such splendid stories. He was a sea captain, and had been everywhere and seen everything; so he could tell better tales than anybody else that I knew.

I'll tell you one:—"One day, when I was a little boy," said Uncle John, "my mother gave me a beautiful apple, as round as a ball and as red as a rose. Just as I was going to eat it, my father said, 'John, do you know that the world is like that apple?'

"'No,' I said. 'The world like that!'

"'Yes,' said my father, 'the world is round, as round as that apple, and there are people who have *been* all round it.'

"'All round it, father! How did they keep on it when they were at the other side of it—here?' said I, pointing to the under side of the apple. 'Would not they be *wrong side up*?'

"'Oh, they found no difficulty about that. They



"ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY."

were right side up and they found people living underneath—just where you put your finger—and these people found no difficulty ; they were right side up, too.’

“ ‘ Were they ? ’ I said, and went away, taking my apple with me, looking at it again and again, and saying to myself, ‘ The world round—like that !—and people on the other side !—and they are right side up ! ’

“ Then I put my apple in a drawer, and said to myself, ‘ Well, if ever I’m a man, I’ll go to the other side myself, and see if the people there are right side up ! ’

“ Years after, I went to a school away from home, and there the master taught me the same thing ; and on a globe, they showed me the shape of the country the people lived in, and I got under the globe and looked at it, and I could not understand how the people in such a place could stick on, and how they could be right side up.

“ One day I was very vexed with one of the masters. He had vexed me many times before. I had asked him how this strange thing could be, and he laughed at me, and set all the boys laughing at me, and I was insolent to him for doing so, and he gave me a good caning for my insolence.

“ So I got up early next morning, put a few clothes into a bag, and ran away. It was not far from my school

UNCLE JOHN.

to London, and in an hour or two I got there. One of the first things I saw when I got there was a large, green omnibus, and on it was 'East India Docks.' I did not know what docks were, but it was only three pence to go, and I was tired and wanted a ride. I had a little money in my pocket, so I took the omnibus to the docks.

"To my great delight, I found the docks were places for ships. As soon as I saw the ships, I wondered if any of them went to the other side of the world. When I got out of the omnibus, I asked the man on the step if he knew whether any of them went there, and he laughingly said—

" 'Oh yes, they goes everywhere. The fare is three pence.'

" 'Three pence !' I said, 'how very cheap !' But I found the man wanted the omnibus fare, and that was what he meant. So I paid the three pence, and walked off to look at the ships.

"As I passed along, I saw a board up with 'New Zealand' on it. 'There,' said I, 'that's the very place I saw wrong side up on the globe. It's the other side of the world, and all at once it struck me that I would go and see it for myself. So I walked into the ship, and asked for the ship-master, and he laughed at me, but he was not unkind.



"I WAS AT THE SEA-SIDE AND MET A JOLLY SAILOR."

UNCLE JOHN.

“He asked me where I lived, and sent a man, one of his sailors, with me all the way to my home.

“My mother thanked the kind sailor who took me, very, very much, and sent a kind message to the captain. Well, I stopped at home for a week or two, till father could find another school for me to go to; for he did not like a school where proper questions were laughed at, though he did not object to insolence being caned.

“Well, a long time after this I was at the sea-side, and met a jolly sailor who had been round the world many times, and he told me such wonderful tales of what he had seen of people and animals: of people black, yellow, and red, people tame and people wild; of lions and tigers, and serpents, and monkeys, and elephants and whales; and of grand storms and jolly shipwrecks, that I made up my mind that I would be a jolly sailor, and go round the world and see it all for myself. At last, my father let me go; he told me I was very foolish, and my mother cried, but I was very happy because they were letting me go. They bought me sailors' clothes, and took me down to the docks, and agreed with a captain to let me go with him round the world.

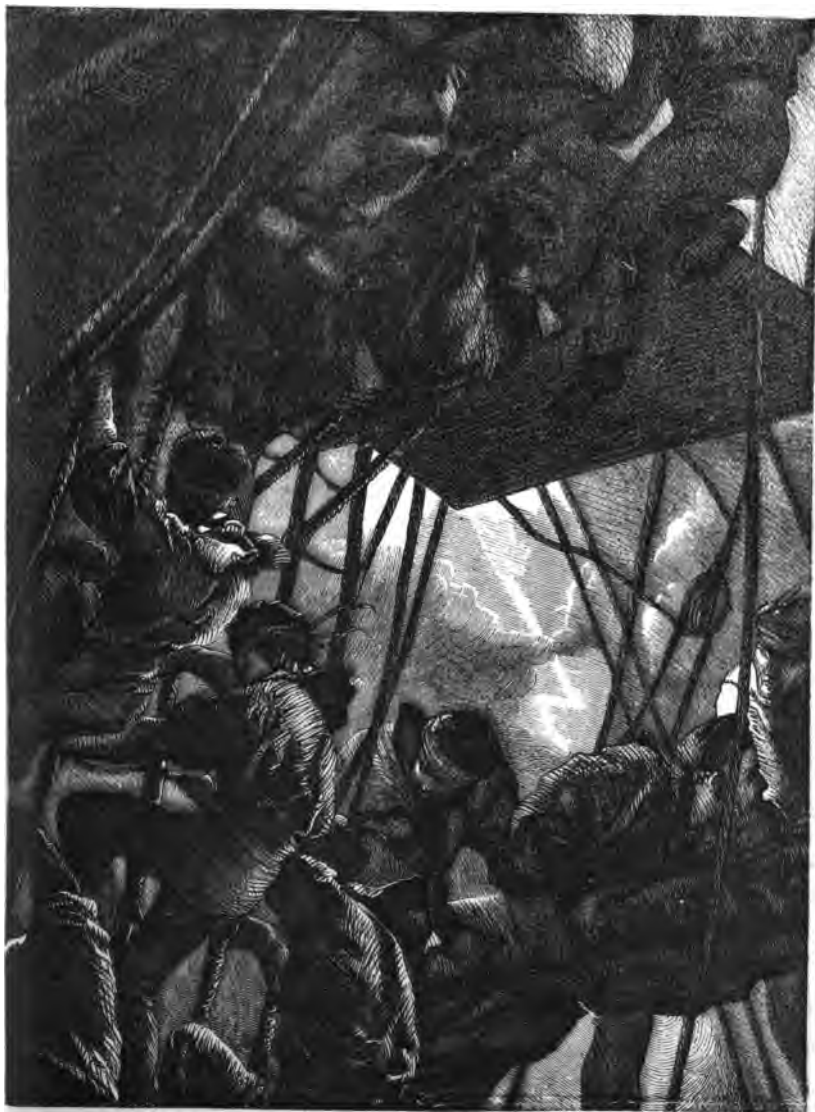
“So, at length, I had all my own way, and was as

happy as a king. Soon after the ship sailed, it began to move up and down and I began to be ill, then I was sick; oh, so sick! and was sick for many days and nights. I could not eat, I could not sleep, and nobody pitied me, and I wished myself at home again.

“When I was getting better I said to myself, ‘So this is being a jolly sailor!’ Then they made me climb up the rigging of the ship to get up into the sails with other boys, and fasten the sails while the ship was rocking about, and the wind blowing very hard, and I feared that I should tumble down on to the ship’s deck and be killed, or perhaps be blown into the sea and be drowned, and I said to myself, ‘Is this being a jolly sailor?’

“Then there came a storm, and that was dreadful, and then we were shipwrecked. We had to leave the ship, for it was covered by the sea, and to get to the land and save our lives in little boats in the dark night, amongst awful waves that seemed as if they would overturn our little boat. Some of the sailors were drowned, but those in our boat got safe to land.

“Then the captain got another ship, and sailed away again, and we went in that ship to India, and to Australia, and to New Zealand, and to Africa; and I saw a few wonderful animals and strange people, but they were not much to go round the world for. And I



UP THE RIGGING OF THE SHIP.

“MAKE THE BEST OF IT.”

thought that, after all, my father was right, and when I got home I thought that I had seen nothing so nice as my dear mother's face.

“I stuck to being a sailor because there must be sailors, and now I like being one. But my father was right: the world is round and people at the other side stuck on it, and are right side up; and boys that want to be ‘jolly sailors,’ to go and see for themselves, are foolish boys, and their kind, loving mothers may well cry.”

That was one of Uncle John's stories.



“MAKE THE BEST OF IT.”

THERE are many boys and girls who are very miserable, and many more who are not half so happy as they might be, just because they do not try to make the best of things.

They are always grumbling that they have only so few



THE CROW'S HOME.

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

books, or such poor toys, or such a rough skipping-rope, or such a short bat, or such a soft ball, or such bad paints, or such a hard pencil.

They live in such a small house, or have such little time for themselves from work and school, or have so few friends to play with, or have so few pence to buy things with, or—

Well, I might go on, and fill this whole book with what such grumbling, miserable boys and girls tell us is the cause of their not being happy. If they had this or that, as somebody else has; or if they could live here or there, as somebody else does—they would be as contented and as happy as could be.

Perhaps there is some little bit of truth in what they say. They might be happier if they could have more things and better things than they have; but then they cannot have them. Their parents cannot buy these things and clothes and food too.

These grumbling boys and girls are perhaps a little bit right in what they say; but, certainly, they are also a great deal wrong. What they need is not more and better things, but more and better sense, so that they may make better use of what they now have.

Let me tell you a story. There was once a poor crow that was ready to die with thirst, and he happened to

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

see a pitcher in a field some little way from where he was. He had very, very little strength to fly with, and it is quite certain that it would have been a good thing for him if he could have had more.

But he did not sit on the branch making himself



"ONE BY ONE, HE DROPPED THEM."

miserable because he had not more strength. He did not grumble and say, "I wish I had more strength, then I would fly away to the pitcher and drink." No, he had too much sense for that. He made the best of what he had, and started off for the pitcher.

After much weary flapping of his wings, he reached

“MAKE THE BEST OF IT.”

the pitcher. Then he found that there was water in it, but only very little, and that, too, right down at the pitcher's bottom. He stretched his neck, but with all his stretching he could not get a drop.

But the crow did not say, “Oh, how I wish there was more water!”—it would have been a better thing if there had been more; or “Oh, I wish I had a longer neck!”—that would have certainly helped him. But he had better sense than to waste his breath wishing; he would rather make the best of things as they were. He tried to turn the pitcher on one side to get at the water thus; but he was too weak for that.

Still, the crow did not begin wishing that he had more strength. He made the best of the little that he had. Though he could not turn the pitcher, still he was strong enough to lift pebbles.

So he gathered pebbles which lay near, and one by one he dropped them into the pitcher, filled it up half-way or more, and thus raised the water till it was within his reach. Then he took a good drink and saved his life.

Boys and girls would all be happier if, instead of grumbling at the little they have, they would remember the crow and the pitcher, and Try to make the best of it.

WHAT CAME OF TOM AND HIS POWDER.

IT was the Fifth of November, and Tom asked for money to buy crackers and squibs. Tom's father gave him some money, and Tom set off to the firework shop.

But Tom did not buy crackers and squibs with his money. He had heard of putting powder into holes in the earth, of lighting it, and of its going off with a great bang, making the ground to shake, and filling the air with fire and smoke. Why then had Tom asked for money for fireworks? Had he now changed his mind?

No, he meant all the time to buy powder with the money. But he knew that his father would not give it to him for powder, so he deceived his father. Tom thought it would be grand to make this explosion. So he bought his powder.

When he left the shop he went straight to the country lane at the end of the town, to find there a place in the bank on which the hedge grew where he could make a hole, put in the powder, and make his grand explosion.

Tom took with him a school-fellow who was in the secret, and who had stolen from his home a box of his mother's matches. One carried the powder, and the other carried the matches, and away they went.

In a little while they found just the right place.

WHAT CAME OF TOM AND HIS POWDER.

There was the dead stump of a shrub which was still fixed in the bank ; they would make a hole under that, and blow it up.

The hole was at length made just the right depth and size, and the powder was placed in it wrapped in paper, which was twisted up into a kind of point. To that point the match was to be put. Then the paper would have to burn a little way, then it would reach the powder, and then, off it would go.

A match was struck, but the wind blew it out. So they struck another and sheltered it with their caps, and this time it was all right. They put it to the paper point, and it caught fire.

Now they drew back to see the fun, but after waiting a long time nothing came. So they went to see if the paper was still alight, or if it had gone out. It was alight, but only just.

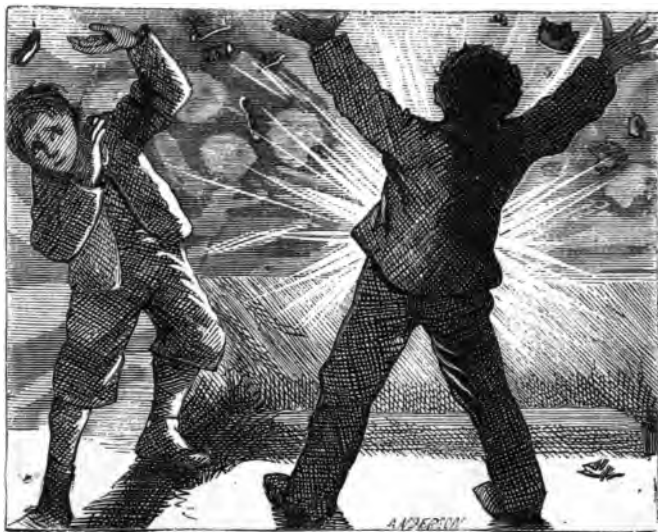
So Tom went up to it, and blew at it, to make it burn better ; and as Tom blew, bang went the powder. Poor Tom ! he was lifted up right off his knees, and nearly thrown over on to his back. But that was not the worst.

When the smoke and fire and dreadful noise had passed, Tom tried to open his eyes, but he could not. The powder had struck him blind, and his poor face was covered with sores and blood, and was all black with burning.



DOWN THE COUNTRY LANE.

WHAT CAME OF TOM AND HIS POWDER.



"BANG WENT THE POWDER."

Tom's companion was not hurt, but when he saw all this he began to cry. He begged Tom to go home, but Tom did not like to go home. He remembered now how he had deceived his father, and he was afraid.

At length Tom was led home screaming with pain. For six long weeks he lay in bed, many times, day and night, shrieking with smarting sores. At length his eyesight was restored to him, but his face bore marks of the burns for many years. You may imagine that Tom learnt a lesson, and did not again try to deceive his parents.

A LITTLE DONKEY.

“WELL, if that is not a shame !” said a little donkey to his mother, as she lay at rest on the common, after munching her dinner of thistles—“if that little horse’s mother isn’t having corn to dinner, and you’ve only had thistles !”

“Well, well,” said the donkey-mother, “what of that ? I’ve enjoyed my thistles as much as she enjoys her corn. So, you see, we’re more alike than you think.”

“Well, I know one thing : when I’ve done having milk, I won’t have thistles, I’ll have corn, or I won’t give people any peace—that I won’t.”

“You talk like a foolish little donkey. It will make you miserable to feel and act like that. You cannot do better than work hard at donkey’s work, and get a good appetite for donkey’s food. Horses are not happy because they eat corn, nor are donkeys miserable because they eat thistles. I have known some very wretched horses that eat the best of corn, and some very jolly donkeys, which bray and leap and frisk about, that eat nothing but thistles, and rather dry ones too.”

“Oh, that’s all very fine ; but I want to have corn,

A LITTLE DONKEY.

and when I'm older and bigger, I will have corn. Why can't donkeys have corn as well as horses? It's a shame, it is, that we are not as well fed as they are!"

"As well fed as they are!" took up an old duck, that had till now listened to the conversation between this mother and son. "As well fed as they are!" she said again, and then laughed, "quack, quack, quack, dear, dear! I see now why my little folks are called 'little ducks,' and little ducks they are, bless them! They never talk such discontented nonsense. Duck-weed does for them, as it does for me. I'm glad my children are little ducks and not little donkeys." And with this contemptuous reflection, off she went to the pool of water close by to see her merry little family, contented to be ducks and eat ducks' food.

At this point, a goose which had overheard the talk stuck out her long neck, looked the young donkey in the face and hissed him well, and said, "Well, if I am a goose, I'm not goose enough to make myself miserable because I have only goose's food to eat. My little folks are called 'little geese,' but I am glad they are not little donkeys instead." Then the goose hissed the young donkey again and went her way.

Now, all this while the ambitious young donkey was very much ashamed. He had no idea that any one had



THE LITTLE DONKEY AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

ESTHER BROWNLOW AND HER SKATES.

heard what he had said. Then, all at once, seeing that two mothers were rejoicing in the good sense of their little folks, he resolved that his mother should be proud of him. So he said out loud, hoping the goose and the duck might not be too far off to hear, "Mother, I'll do what you want me. You know best." So the little donkey wasn't such a donkey, after all.

ESTHER BROWNLOW AND HER SKATES.

"OH, please don't press me, I cannot—I dare not—I won't!" sobbed Esther Brownlow the first time she attempted to skate, adding to her words a flood of tears.

"Well," said her brother Ben, "I won't press you to try, but if you will do it of your own free will, I shall be very, very glad. I know you'll like it, if you just get over the fear you have at the first. I was *just* like you, and I got over it. Won't you try?"

Esther was moved by her brother's gentle way, and by the assurance that he was once himself almost as timid as she was just then. So she leaned on her brother's arm and made a little venture. She had scarcely made



"SIDE BY SIDE WITH HER BROTHER."

ESTHER BROWNLOW AND HER SKATES.

this second start before she had nearly fallen ; but her brother kept her up and spoke very kindly.

"Do let me turn back," she said, when they had gone but a few yards, "I shall never manage it, I'm sure."

"Well, as you will," said her brother in his gentlest tone, looking with a kind smile into her face, and drawing her arm a little closer into his. "Shall we just try to get *there*?" he said, pointing to a part of the bank of the pond a little more than twenty yards away.

Encouraged by her brother's very gentle manner, Esther said, "Very well." They got there without a tumble, but not without one or two slips which, but for Ben's firm footing, would have proved tumbles of a rather serious kind.

So ended Esther's first lesson in skating. That was two winters ago. And now, there she goes, side by side with her brother, one of the best skaters on the pond.

It was long before she could keep her feet under her ; they would slip away on this side and on that. She could not go straight till she had tried and tried and tried again. But she was patient, and her brave brother was patient and kind ; so at last the timid girl found her greatest delight where at first she had found nothing but fear and pain. Now, when Esther sees others afraid, she always says, "Oh, do try again."



THE LION.

THE lion is very fierce and strong. It is of a yellow tawny colour, almost like the colour of a sovereign.

The male has a large and shaggy mane, which he can partly erect, and which gives him the appearance of great power.

The lion is found in Africa and Asia, and feeds on flesh. During the day he remains hidden in some thicket or in the depths of the forest. When night comes on, he goes forth from his lair to hunt. It is

THE LION.

then not safe to go near bushes, pools of water, or the borders of woods, in which places he lies in wait for his prey.

In the night, deer, antelopes, and other animals which abound in the land of lions, visit the springs to enjoy the cool waters. From his hiding-place the lion hears them. Then he moves without noise through the bushes; he pauses again to listen, then creeps onward, the tall rank grass gently waving as he makes his way.

He nears the water, till through the reeds he sees his prey. Then, with flaming eyes and mane erect, he springs upon his victim. He seizes it by the neck, and shakes it, as a cat would shake a mouse.

In the picture above, a lion and lioness are lying in wait. The lion is ready for a spring. When he has killed his victim, he drags it into the bushes, where together they eat it, and fall asleep. Now is the time for the hunter's attack, for he is lazy and easily overcome.

When hard pressed for food, he will come forth in the day-time and prowl around huts and farms. Then he will seize upon cows and other tame animals, and man himself is not safe from his attack.

In the day-time the lion does not roar, but in the night his roaring sounds like distant thunder, and can be heard far away.



THE LION'S DRINKING-PLACE

E

THE FARMER'S BOY JOSS.

YOU would not have thought much of Joss if you had met him in the street. But the fact is, you never could have met him there, for Joss was dead before you were born.

Though he grew up to be a man, and married and had a family of boys and girls of his own, he was always known as "the farmer's boy," because something happened when he was a boy, and his name got into the papers, and I think it very likely that it was even mentioned to the Queen. Only a few villagers knew poor Joss after that time, but then his name, at least, all England knew. Now let us see how and why this was.

One day huntsmen were galloping across the fields of a farmer, hunting the fox. The farmer was sorry to see them, for some of his fields were fresh sown with corn, and horses' feet would cut up the field, uncover the seed, and spoil his future harvest.

About one field the farmer was particularly anxious. Now the farmer was going to market, so he sent a boy to the particular field, told him to shut and fasten the gate, to stop by it, and not to open it for anybody.

THE FARMER'S BOY JOSS.

The boy went, shut the gate, fastened it, and stood



JOSS.

by it, as he was told. Then up came a huntsman.
“Open that gate,” he said, but the boy firmly replied—

THE FARMER'S BOY JOSS.

"No, sir; my master told me to keep it shut."

The huntsman asked again and again; but the boy firmly and politely refused. There arrived another and then another, all of whom were anxious to cross the field, for it was the direct way after the fox.

One noble-looking rider, in a tone half-commanding, half-coaxing, now said, "Come, my boy, open that gate."

"No, sir," replied Joss, "I can't; master told me to keep it shut."

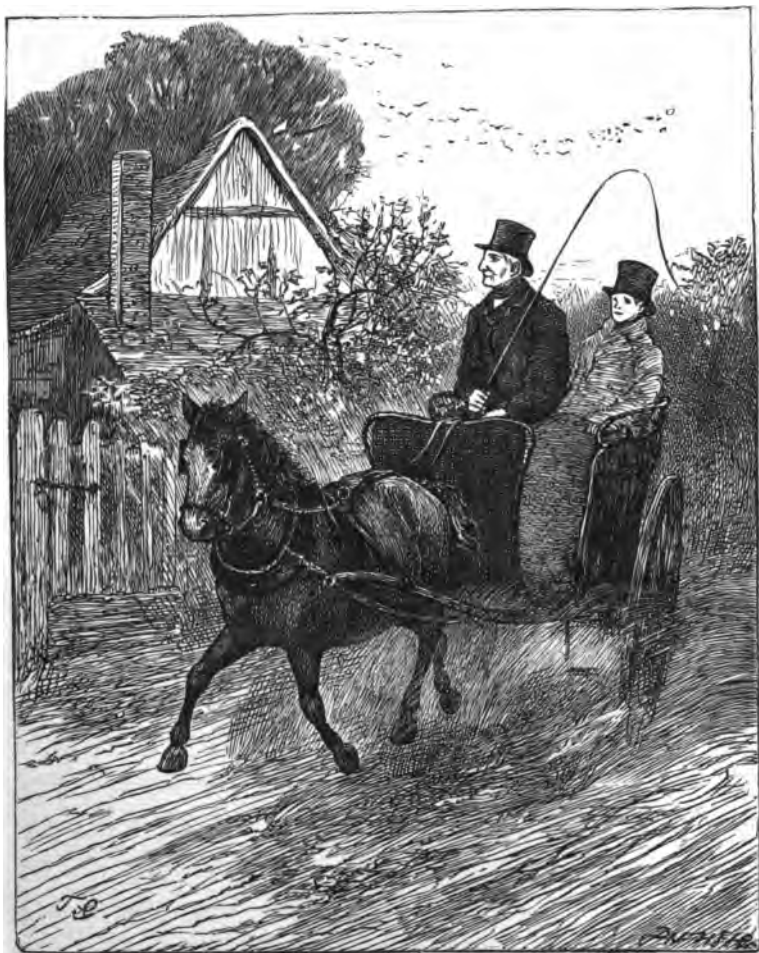
"Oh, nonsense, you *must* open it—now do it at once."

"I cannot, sir," was his firm reply.

"Boy, do you know who you are disobeying? It is the Duke of Wellington that wants to go through."

"I can't open it; my master told me to open it for nobody, sir."

"Well, you are a grand servant, my boy," said the duke. "I wish every English boy was like you." Then the duke, who was a great general and knew how to admire the boy's bravery in doing his duty, gave him half-a-sovereign, and the party rode off to follow the fox some other way. Joss grew up to be a working man whom everybody could trust, for he always obliged his masters and always kept his promises.



JOSSE'S MASTER GOING TO MARKET.

WHAT A CANDLE IN A WINDOW DID.

A traveller who, long years ago, was making his way across a large county, had to journey through a forest.

He was a man of learning, making his way to the mansion of a nobleman, whose children he was to instruct. His intention was to sleep for a night at a village in the forest, where he would be about half-way to his new home. When near the village he took a wrong turning, and wandered, without knowing it, far out of his proper course. Puzzled as to how it could be that he did not reach the village, he continued to walk on, but at a somewhat quicker pace.

Then the night clouds began to gather, and it was dark. Suddenly he heard a crackling sound in the forest, not far away, and he spoke, hoping that it was made by a human being who could perhaps guide him or tell him his way. But to his "Who's there?" there was only more crackling, which went farther and farther away till he could hear it no more. It was only a wild animal that his footfall had startled, but it gave him a strange feeling at the roots of his hair.

On he went, and darker became the night. All was



"FOR A MOMENT HE STOOD LOOKING AT IT."

silent; when he stood still he could almost hear his own heart beat. Suddenly he found no footing for his step and fell forward into a pool of water. It was not deep and he got out again, but which way to proceed he did not know. As he stood dripping and bewildered, another sound attracted his attention. It was made far away, nevertheless it was dreadful to hear and filled him with anxiety. It was the howl of the wolf. Wolves in that day were not common in English forests, but they were not quite destroyed.

“What must I do?” he asked himself. Wet, cold, weary, hungry—lost! He resolved that if he could find a tree that he could climb, he would climb it, and wait there till morning. But after groping in vain for some time, he gave up that idea. There was nothing for him but to stand. Thereupon he turned half-way round, and lo! right before him, but a long way off, he saw a light, like a star in the trees. He had gently risen in his walk, and a little below him, half a mile away, shone that jewel of light. What could it be? It must be a candle in a cottage. Then it struck him that perhaps that was a stream he had just before fallen into, and perhaps that cottage was by the stream, and perhaps there was a *path* by the stream!

He listened. Yes, there was the soft trickling of



water falling over stones, and the water evidently ran towards the light. Was there a path by the water?

He groped about to find an answer to his question, and he went on groping, following the sound of the water till he fell into it again. But he was not much troubled about that, for he had begun to think that he had found a path, and that it would lead to a cottage; and the dreadful howl he had heard a few minutes ago made the thought of a cottage more comforting than at another time would have been the thought of a palace. At length, after sundry falls and much feeling about with hands and feet, the cottage light, which he had lost sight of all the while he had been following the stream, reappeared close at hand.

For a moment he stood looking at it, with all his heart thanking God that he had found a house. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a

THE FIELD-MOUSE.

rough-looking woodman. When he told his tale the woodman and his wife bade him come in, gave him a stool near a bright wood fire, set before him plain food such as they had, and made him welcome to what for many years he spoke of as the best-night's lodging he had ever known. When he put his candle out at night, he looked at it with a kind of reverence. It was that little thing that had saved his life.



THE FIELD-MOUSE.

THE harvest-field is a beautiful sight. Some men reap the corn with their sickles, and others bind it into sheaves. Mother brings baby down at the noon hour to see father, and the little ones come with her carrying their dinner.

They sit down on the ground and have dinner together. Then the little ones have a romp in and out amongst the sheaves; and then they go back home again, and leave their father to reap again.

THE FIELD-MOUSE.

When the corn is reaped, then come waggons and horses to carry it all away, to stack it up in the farmer's yard. When the sheaves are carried away, then come the gleaners. Poor girls and boys and women pick up all



the stray ears of corn, and take them home to make bread.

But there is one little harvester who is not often seen, who reaps before the reapers begin, and gleanes long after the gleaners have done. He wears a soft brown velvet coat, and is not much bigger than the size

EDGAR TOWNSEND.

of your thumb. He is a happy little fellow, eats as much as he needs, and has no care for the morrow.

When the cold weather comes and there is no food for him in the fields, he digs a deep hole, goes into it, rolls himself up into a round ball and falls fast asleep.

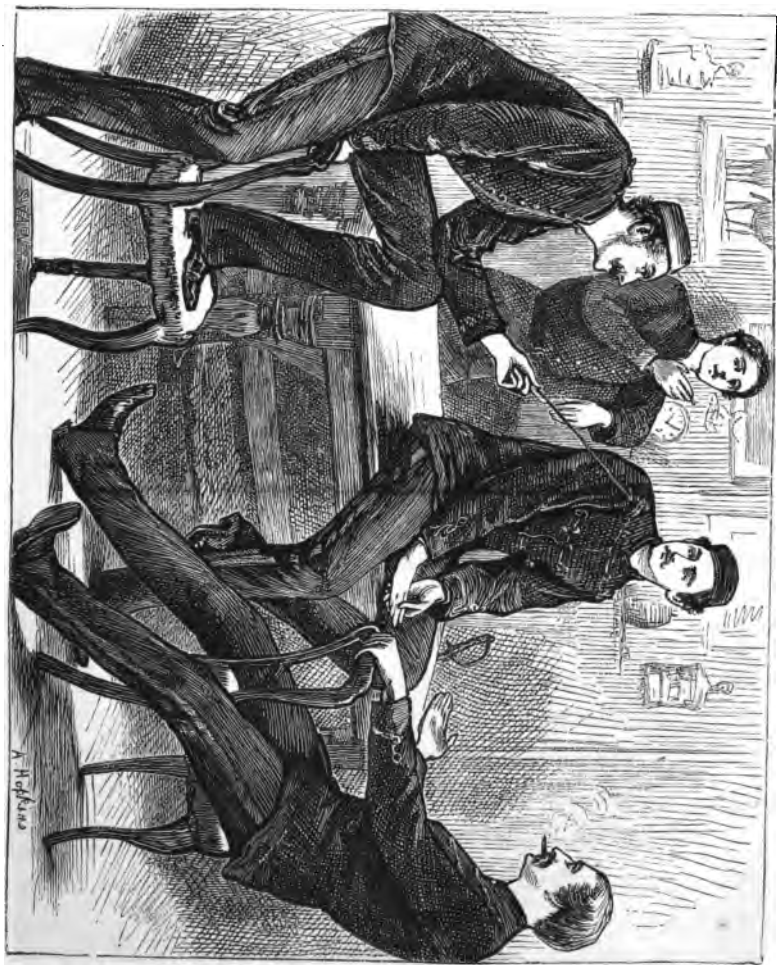
Till the warm days of summer come round again he stops most of his time in this winter bed. Then he unrolls himself, stretches his legs, opens his eyes, and takes his walks abroad. This little creature may be tamed; he makes a very pretty pet. His name is field-mouse.



EDGAR TOWNSEND.

EDGAR TOWNSEND was a soldier. His father was a soldier, and one of his grandfathers was a soldier too. Edgar entered the army at eighteen years of age as an ensign. I am sorry to say that he found some of the soldiers with whom he had to live accustomed to swear and to use very naughty words; but he resolved that he would not imitate them. One day he told

EDGAR BEING LAUGHED AT.



one of them that he thought they ought to have more regard for the wishes of God than to swear, but they only laughed at him.

Now nobody likes to be laughed at, and Edgar Townsend coloured a little as they laughed at him. But he did not move from his determination not to follow the bad example these young men set him. They called him a coward, fancying themselves very brave, because they dared to do naughty things; but there was nothing very brave in three persons laughing at one person. It was surely far braver for the one to stand the laughter of the three, wasn't it?

His companions did other things which, because they were wrong things, Townsend would not do.

There was a war soon after this, to which Edgar's regiment was ordered. One night the colonel of the regiment asked if any of the men knew the depth of the ditch which was round the wall of a town that was near, which town he very much wanted to take by storm. But he could not take it until he knew how deep that ditch was.

Now, on the wall of the town there were soldiers with guns watching to see if any of the enemy came near the town, and determined to shoot them if they did. So no one dared to go to see how deep the ditch was. At last Edgar went, all alone and quite unknown

EDGAR MEASURING THE DITCH.



to any one of his companions. He ran the risk of being shot by the watching soldiers on the wall—indeed, he was sure to be shot, if he did not keep very cool, and do his work very cleverly.

When all was dark Edgar set out for the ditch, taking with him a sounding-line—which was a piece of string with a weight at the end of it, to make it sink down to the bottom of the water. He got safely to the side of the ditch, quietly let down the sounding-line into it, felt the line touch the bottom, drew it back again, marked the string at the place up to which it was wet, which of course was just the depth of the ditch, then set off back again to the camp. He was nearly caught, but he just escaped with his life. Then he took the depth of the ditch to the colonel, and the colonel told him he was a brave fellow.

The next day those companions who had thought it brave to be swearers, and had laughed at Edgar for not swearing, calling him a coward, acknowledged that the man who would not swear was the bravest man in all the camp. Edgar loved God, and therefore he feared to grieve God; but he did not fear death, if it came to him in doing his duty; nor did he fear to be laughed to scorn, if that came to him in doing his duty. He would not, could not, do what was wrong.

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time Esther Westlake sat on the banks of a bright brook, close by a little waterfall which the brook made. The spray of the fall danced up into the air, and made something like a beautiful white veil.

As Esther was looking at this veil which the spray had made, she fancied that she saw a face looking through it. It was a beautiful face, and as she continued to look at it, she saw that it was a fairy's face.

Before this, Esther had been wishing a great many things; for she had come down to the brook-side very unhappy, and just when she saw the fairy's face, she was saying to herself, "I wish I had nobody to find fault with me;" for Esther thought nothing of the faults which her friends had to tell her about, only of the telling about them. She did not think, "How nice it would be to get rid of my faults," but she thought how nice it would be to get rid of the friends that took the trouble to tell her of them, and to help her to grow up without them.

So, as soon as she saw the fairy, she said, "O fairy! I do wish you would take me somewhere where there is nobody to find fault with me!"

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

"Well," said the fairy, "let me tell you a little story of a girl, Alice, who once asked me to do the very same thing for her, and whom I took to my own fairy-land, where no one finds any fault.

"The first day she mixed with all the fairies, and got on pretty well. The next day, two of them would not have anything to do with her; they had noticed a fault—she appeared a little selfish; but they did not speak to her, they only went away. Next day, six of the fairies were sure she had not spoken what was quite the truth, and they went away. By noon the day after, ten more who had seen her in a little temper, quietly withdrew. Every day some fault was seen, and away went all the fairies that saw it—for none of them could like faults, nor could any of them take the liberty to point them out. 'Indeed,' said they, 'why should we take the trouble with her? It is a painful thing to see people's faults, but it is a much more painful thing to try to remove them, and you get no thanks—only frowns—for it. Fairies only work for thanks, not for frowns. And what is she to us? Who loves her here? Has she no mother or friends?'

"So at last poor Alice was left alone. Long before this had she wished herself at home again, and now she spoke out, and said, 'Oh, for some one to love me

ESTHER SITTING BY THE BROOK.



THE FAIRY'S STORY.



enough to correct my faults! Here people see them and leave me; at home they saw them, but never turned their backs on me. They loved me at home, they did!

“‘Would you like to go back again?’ I said. ‘We have no one in fairy-world that loves people with faults. We have no faults here, nor any pity for them.’

“‘Oh yes, indeed I would! Send me home.



ESTHER CONTENTED.

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

'It is really dreadful to live in a world where people are like this.'

"So I took Alice home again, and well did she love and much did she thank the dear friends who took the trouble to tell her of her faults, and to help her to get rid of them; and now Alice has got rid of many of them, and is a happy, contented girl, whom everybody loves. Shall I take you to fairy-land?"

Things appeared now in a somewhat new light, and Esther softly said, "No, thank you," and went home, trying to be thankful for the love there which took the trouble to tell her of her faults, and help her to be a better, and so to be a happier, girl.

When Esther strove to mend her ways,
Fault-finding was soon ended;
By happier heart, she clearly saw
How much she'd been befriended.

No more she grumbled at her lot,
She always was contented;
For grumbling, she was now quite sure,
Must some day be repented.

WILFRED AND HIS COUSIN DONALD.

“**W**HAT’S that?” said Wilfred to his cousin, with whom he had just come down for the first time to the sea-side.

“It’s a cave, I do believe—a smuggler’s cave. Let us climb up and see. Shall we?”

“Come along ; that’s grand. We may find smugglers’ things in it. Well, this *is* first-rate.”

Wilfred and his cousin Donald were about the same age—eleven years old. They were taking a walk along the sand, and had just come to the foot of a chalk cliff. A little way up the cliff was a hole, which went into the cliff for a little way and made a sort of room in it, called by them a cave.

When they came to this place the tide was down, and just there the shore was then dry. But when the tide came up, where they stood then was covered with the sea. But the boys knew nothing of this.

Without much difficulty they climbed to the cave, looked in, and seeing that it was not very dark, they quickly entered.

To find themselves inside a cave—a *real* cave—was a great delight. Often had they read of caves, and of the

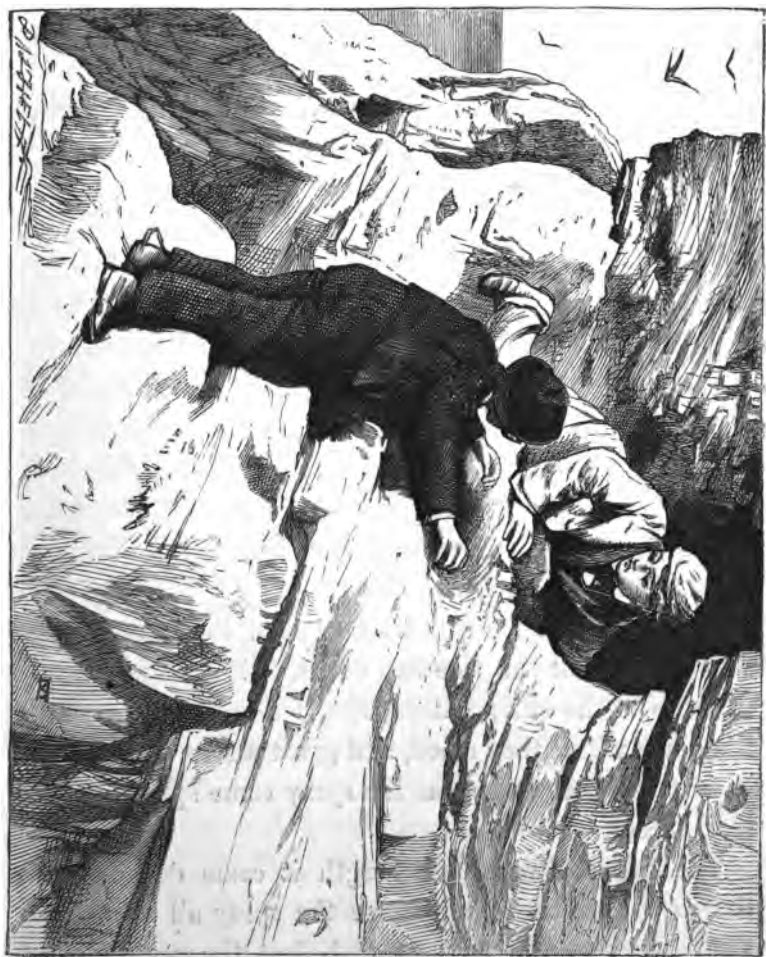
strange things that men had done in caves, and often had they longed to see what these strange places were like. Now that they were actually in a cave they began to think what strange thing they could do.

First they looked all over it, to see if there were any remains of smugglers—any of their tools and chests; but they did not find any. Then they thought it would be grand to light a fire. They found some bits of stick, and half a newspaper, which some one who had been in just before them had left behind; but they had no matches.

But had they not heard of flints and steels, and striking sparks, and thus setting a light to fires? Flints there were in plenty—they were lying about everywhere on the floor of the cave. But they had no steel.

They felt in all their pockets for their knives, but these they had left at home. What must be done? At last Wilfred remembered that his boot had bright metal on the heel. So he took off one of his boots, and tried what striking the metal rim of the heel against the flint would do.

Glorious! Sure enough the sparks flew. Donald eagerly held the newspaper under the flint to catch them. They fell on the paper, but the paper would not light. After repeated attempts, they concluded that the paper



WILFRED AND DONALD FIND A CAVE.

WILFRED AND HIS COUSIN DONALD.

must be damp. Then Wilfred agreed to try his pocket-handkerchief.

The pocket-handkerchief, however, did not catch light; it seemed to be as damp as the newspaper. So they gave up the plan of lighting a fire, at least for that day. They carefully put the wood away in a corner, and resolved to come to-morrow, and bring matches, and try again.

Now they remembered having heard of birds building nests in caves, and even of eagles living there. So they searched every nook and crack to see if a nest could be found. But the only thing they found was a great toad, which jumped out of a dark corner and rather startled them.

Now they began to think of going home. So to the mouth of the cave they went, intending to get down the cliff to the shore again.

But, poor lads ! when they reached the cave-mouth, they found that the tide had covered the shore. It was close up to the cliff ; indeed, it had risen up to very near the place where they stood, and great waves came rolling in from the sea, and soon the spray came splashing into their faces.

The tide still rose. At length it came dashing into the cave, and the wind drove the spray all over them. They went to the farthest end, but the sea followed them. It was not long before they were knee-deep.

WILFRED AND HIS COUSIN DONALD.



WILFRED AND DONALD RUSH INTO THE ROOM.

At this point, very fortunately for the boys, the tide turned. Gradually the water left the cave. After some hours the shore was again dry. Then, all wet and cold and hungry, the boys sought their lodgings, where Wilfred's anxious mother heard them rush into her room with a very thankful heart. She had sought them everywhere, and had begun to fear that they were drowned.

The boys never went again to their smugglers' cave.

DUCKS.

IN the picture is Mrs. Duck and two of her happy little family.

What pretty, comical things little woolly, yellow ducklings are! Few young and little creatures are prettier or more comical than they. And fewer still are so clever and brave.

From the very first, they are able to take care of themselves. Whilst little babies, they run about, and pick worms and slugs out of the grass. Then, too, they trot off into the water, swim about on it just where they like. They tip up their tiny little bodies, and dive for insects and soft water-plants which are below its surface.

Little new-born children are not half so clever and brave as little new-hatched ducks. Babies have to be fed, little ducks feed themselves.

Babies have to be nursed and carried about from place to place; little ducks don't need a nurse, and trot about by themselves. Babies have to be put into their bath, but little ducks bathe themselves.

As soon as they are out of their shell they follow their mother, and do just what their mother does:



MRS. DUCK AND FAMILY.

DUCKS.

snap at insects, tug at worms, and plunge and splash about in ponds.

They grow up to love people who are kind to them. A dog once saved a little duck's life, and the duck grew up so fond of the dog that it would follow him when he went out, till it was too tired to follow any farther. Then it would return home and wait for him at the door of his kennel.

Another duck so loved a lady that fed it that it would follow her to church. But "quack, quack," in church would never do; it would have made people laugh. So it had to stop at the church-door till its mistress came out. This it always did, and then followed her home.

Ducks in their natural state are wild. One day a wild duck was frightened by some dreadful beast that was trying to catch and eat it. Just then it saw a man near, and flew to him for safety.

The man was a kind man and saved it, and then it stayed with him and became a tame duck, and had some little ducks who were tame too.

Perhaps this is the way in which, at first, wild ducks were made into tame ducks. Ducks are very useful creatures, and do no harm to any one; yet I am very sorry to hear that some boys throw stones at them and break their legs.



THE BIRD AND THE CROCODILE.

FAR away from this country, in the hot parts of a country called Africa, there are many strange and wonderful creatures. Some of these are beautiful, but some are very ugly and dreadful. One of these ugly and dreadful creatures is the crocodile.

You have perhaps never seen a crocodile. It is a long creature, with four short legs and a very long tail. Its mouth is very big, and it has a great many sharp teeth, and is very dangerous.

It lives on the banks of rivers. Sometimes it lies on

THE BIRD AND THE CROCODILE.

the land and sometimes it swims about in the water. When people go to the river to bathe, and when cattle and even wild beasts, go to the river to drink, it often catches them too, and eats them up.

But there is a little fly which makes the crocodile very unhappy. The crocodile often lies with its mouth open; then this little fly gets into its mouth, stings its tongue, and gives it a great deal of pain. The pain is so great that it drives the crocodile almost mad.

Now there is a little bird which at such times comes to help the crocodile. And how do you think it does it? Why, by going right into the crocodile's mouth! There it bravely hops about, catches the crocodile's plagues, and destroys them.

This little bird is the only living thing that is safe in that dreadful place—a crocodile's mouth. But it is safe, perfectly safe! The savage monster lies with its jaws wide open, and is quite still while the bird does its kindly work.

Why does not the crocodile snap its jaws and swallow the little bird? Because it is a little friend, and even crocodiles, it seems, know better than to kill what they feel to be a friend. May we not learn from the bird and the crocodile that to be kind is the only way to be safe everywhere and happy with everybody?

ON THE BANKS OF AN AFRICAN RIVER.



SUCH A SWEET CANARY !

C OUSIN JACK, the sailor lad,
Gave to sister Mary,
Just before he went away,
Such a sweet canary !

You should see the tiny thing
Trim its wings so neatly ;
You should hear it sing its song
Prettily and sweetly.

And so tame it is, that she
In her hand can hold it ;
Yesterday I'm sure it did
Everything she told it :

Pecked the crumbs from out her mouth,
Hopped upon her shoulder,
Back upon her hand again ;
Never bird was bolder.

And whenever Mary speaks,
How its eyes will glisten !
And it cocks its head aside,
Saucily, to listen :

And she tells it funny tales,
Calls it pretty fairy ;
Wonders if it understands
All that's said by Mary.



"SUCH A SWEET CANARY!"

THE STOLEN BASKET.

TWO little workers living in a country village once set to work to make a little basket. It was to be a basket for eggs.

They began their work in great joy, thinking how pleasant it would be to have a basket of their very own, and of their own making.

They divided their work; one of them went out to gather fine twigs, and the other stopped at home to twist the fine twigs into the form of the coming basket.

After many journeys, and many days of hard work, the basket was made. The little workers lined it with a soft silken lining, as soft and smooth as velvet.

Now when it was quite finished, this tiny basket was as pretty a basket as ever was seen, and the two busy little workers who had made it were as happy and as proud as kings.

Then they placed eggs in it; and beautiful eggs they were. They were deep blue, with spots of black upon them, and there were five.

Now it chanced that one day two boys passed the house where these two little workers lived, and as they peeped in they caught sight of the basket, went in, and



THE BOYS THAT PASSED THE HOUSE.



stole it. They took the eggs out of it and threaded them on to a string.

When the two little workers came home, they found that their beautiful basket and its beautiful eggs had gone, and they cried as though their hearts would break.

The two boys went on home. On their way there they broke the tiny basket to pieces and threw it away. The string of eggs they hung up against their bedroom wall, and then went to sleep.

Now surely these boys who took these little workers' basket

THE STOLEN BASKET.

were robbers! And is not robbery wrong? You say,
"Oh yes, it is very wrong!"

Then is it not wrong when the owners of the little
basket were only birds, and their house in which they
kept it was only a bush?

That little home
So snug and warm,
God taught them how to make it;
And God looked down
With solemn frown
On boys that dared to take it.

Then never take
What others make,
For surely that is stealing;
To birds be fair
And let *them* share
Your just and noble feeling.



THE LEOPARD IN TROUBLE.

THERE is a strange-looking picture! That animal in the front, with its feet in the water, is a leopard, and that animal that has got hold of the leopard's tail is a baboon, and all the rest of the animals are baboons.

What do you think they are doing? Well, the baboons, at least, are having some rather serious fun. They have followed that poor leopard for many miles, just keeping out of the reach of his paws. He would have long since killed them if they had not done so.

The leopard runs on the ground, and the baboons hop, and jump, and swing up amongst the lower branches of the trees. Now and then the baboons come down when they see a nice chance of catching hold of the leopard's tail and pulling it. Then, when they have hold of his tail, the leopard turns quickly round, and, snarling at them, tries to catch them. But the baboons are soon up into the trees again, grinning at him from a place to which he cannot climb.

The leopard is just now drinking, and, while he drinks, one of the baboons seizes his tail and gives it a strong pull, and the leopard roars. Then the



THE BABOON PULLS THE LEOPARD'S TAIL.

THE IRISH BOY AND THE SHARK.

baboon pulls it again, and the leopard roars again, and much do all the baboons enjoy the sound of the poor leopard's anger.

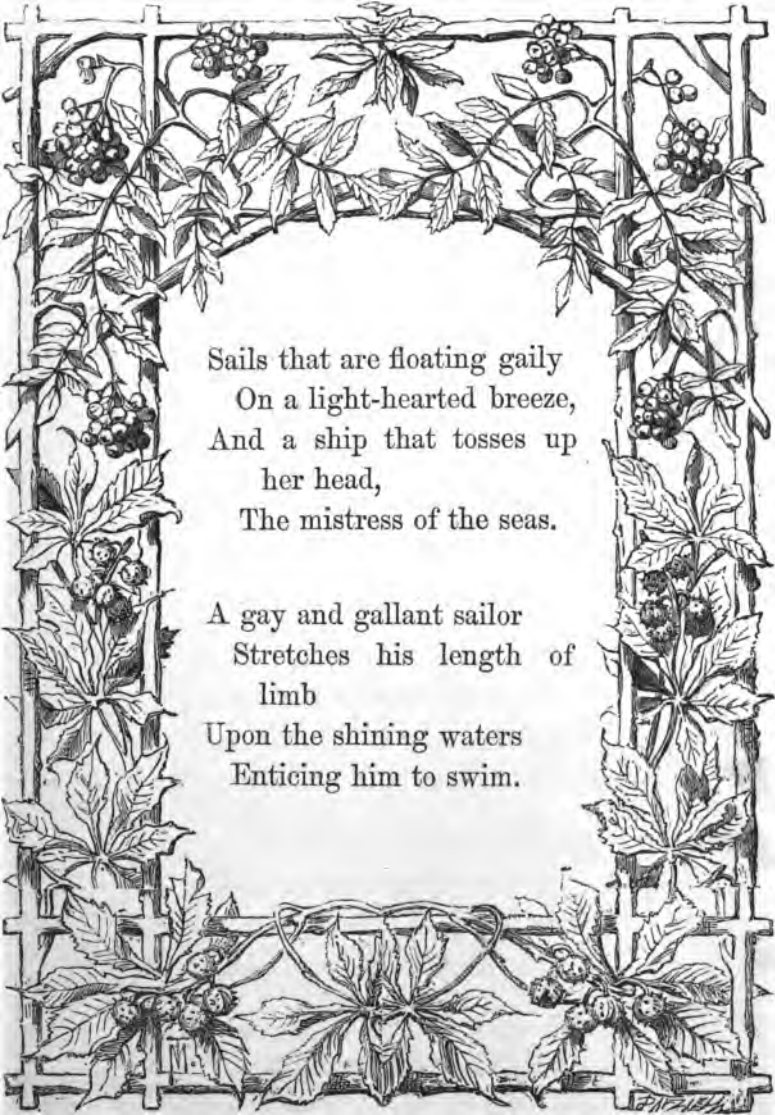
Why do they enjoy it, do you think? They enjoy it because that very morning the leopard had killed one of their friends, and so, as they could not kill the leopard in return, they would tease and vex him. Perhaps they thought he would by these means learn a lesson, and let baboons alone the next time he wanted a breakfast.

At last they all got tired. The baboons went back again to their home, and the leopard lay down just where the baboons left him, and fell fast asleep.



THE IRISH BOY AND THE SHARK.

A SPARKLING world of waters,
A ship that flies along,
While little waves are dancing,
With bursts of happy song.



Sails that are floating gaily
On a light-hearted breeze,
And a ship that tosses up
her head,
The mistress of the seas.

A gay and gallant sailor
Stretches his length of
limb
Upon the shining waters
Enticing him to swim.

THE IRISH BOY AND THE SHARK.

Upon her surface floating,
In indolent delight,
Then striking out with energy,
He soon is out of sight.

At length he's seen returning,
More swiftly he draws near ;
And now they see a shadow ;
At once they feel a fear !

The sea a greenish colour,
A sharp, a fearful face,
A shark behind the swimmer,
In hot and deadly race !

The swimmer nears the vessel—
One stands a rope to fling ;
The shark now follows faster,
Faster than man can swim.

His comrades in the vessel
Speak not, nor draw a breath—
They watch in fearful silence,
That race for life or death.

The eager swimmer pauses,
He grasps the saving rope !



‘ ONE STANDS A ROPE TO FLING.

THE IRISH BOY AND THE SHARK.

The shark has seized his victim—

He's gone, there is no hope !

* * * *

An Irish boy was standing

Where the stricken watchers stood ;

He seemed a stupid fellow,

Who nothing understood ;

But while some took to sighing,

And some began to weep,

He jumped right down towards the shark,

And plunged into the deep !

Plunged right upon the monster—

A deed most nobly rash—

There was a noise, a scuffle,

A struggle and a splash.

What happened, who can tell us ?

This only can I say,

The shark is gone, the man is safe,

The boy has won the day !

It is a wondrous story,

But every word is true—

Of swimmer, shark, and plunger,

And of the victory too.

WILLIAM HENRY'S LIE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



WILLIAM HENRY had recently come to live in the town of Brownlow. He was a proud boy, and never liked to say that he was behind any of his playfellows in anything they said they could do.

Did one of them say he could jump a brook? Then Harry would say he could jump one too. Could one of them boast of having kept on the back of a kicking horse? He could do the same. Could another dive twenty feet under water? He could dive twenty feet too. Could one swim? So could he.

One day, when talking of swimming, he related how he had "once saved a fellow" who was just at the last breath, by swimming in and dragging him to land. The

WILLIAM HENRY'S LIE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

story was believed, and it made William Henry quite a hero amongst his companions.

Summer came round, and one very hot day some of William Henry's playfellows went to the river to bathe. Now, the river was in some places deep, and its current was strong, so that it was not safe for boys to bathe, unless they were with some one who could swim; then it was safe enough.

On that day, one little fellow named Sam, who was not a strong boy, could not get his parents to consent to his going, so afraid were they of the danger, until he told them of the swimming powers of William Henry. When he related the story of his new friend, and how he had once bravely rescued a drowning man, and told them that he would be going with the boys, they gave their consent.

So the five boys took towels and went down to the river to bathe. They were a happy party, and went merrily along.

The river-bank reached, William Henry professed that he was out of sorts, and would rather not go in to-day. One of the party just nudged his neighbour, and, with a significant wink, quietly said, "I should like to see him swim."

His boasting so much had led one of his shrewder



BREAKING THE NEWS TO SAM'S MOTHER.

WILLIAM HENRY'S LIE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

companions to doubt his truthfulness ; and very fairly, too, for boasters are generally liars.

In the boys went, and splashed about in glorious style ; but the fun was soon stopped, for unfortunately Sam got out of his depth, and cried for help. At once all voices cried for Will.

But Will made no move, took off nothing, stood still and looked frightened. It was soon clear that he was not going in. "Help !" cried Sam. "Oh, Will, do help !"

"Why don't you jump in, Will? Quick, jump in—he'll drown !" shouted many voices. But Will only began to cry, and to shriek out, "I can't, I daren't, I can't swim !—oh ! I'm sure I can't."

Then one boy who could not swim did his best ; but it was all too late, and he nearly lost his life. By this time Sam was out of sight : he had sunk under water, and the strong current had carried him far down the stream.

The boys hurriedly dressed, and, in the hope of fishing poor Sam's body out, they followed the river. At length it was carried into shallow water. They rushed in and got it.

Then they did all they could to restore life to it, but all their efforts failed, and at last they wrapped it in the poor lad's shirt, and the mournful little procession carried it to poor Sam's home.

WILLIAM HENRY'S LIE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A woman who saw the mournful procession went on before it and broke the sad news to Sam's mother. A few days afterwards the weeping parents followed the poor boy's body to the grave.

What must William Henry have thought as, from his bedroom window, he watched the funeral procession



BROWNLOW CHURCHYARD.

move past to the churchyard? What, too, must he have felt, as every Sunday, on his way to the service, he passed Sam's grave?

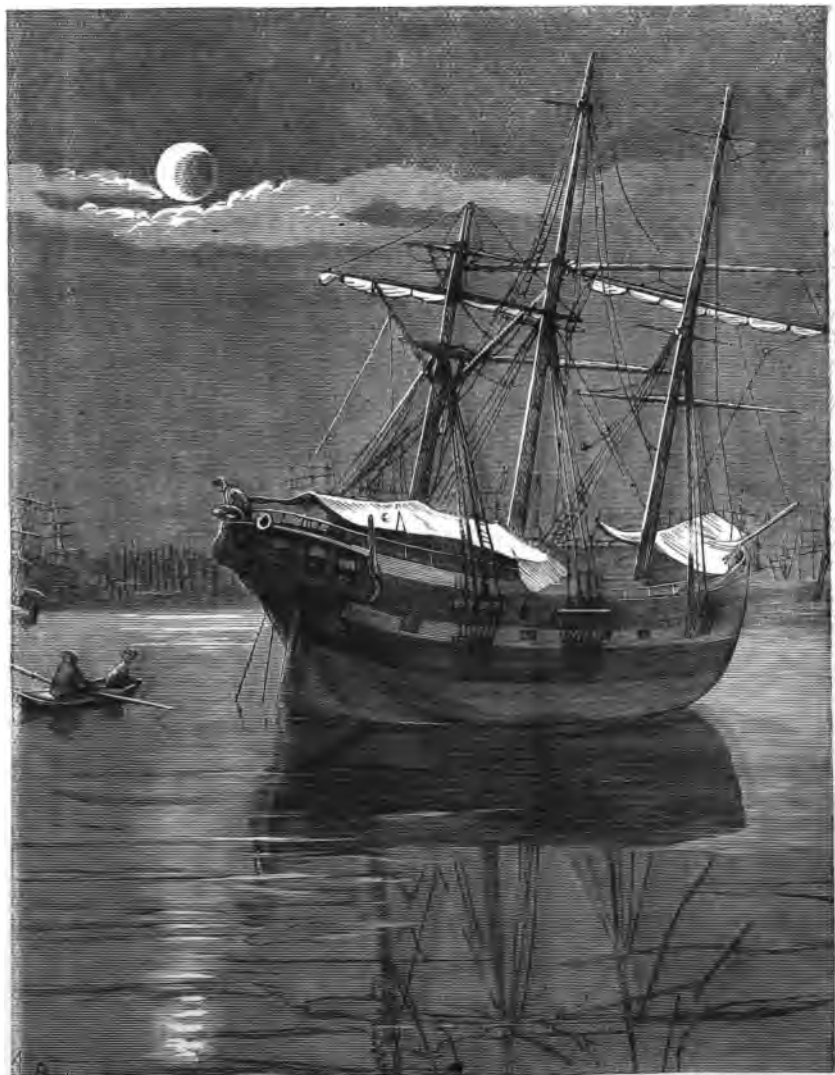
Such, then, were the dreadful consequences of a lie. Speak the truth.



"JUNK."

JUNK, THE SHIP'S DOG.

THERE is a fine sailing ship. It goes by the force of the wind blowing against its sails, and not by steam turning paddle-wheels, and so it is called a "sailing ship." It is on the sea, by a town, on the coast of California. The night is very clear, and the sea is very still. The moon makes a beautiful reflection of the ship in the water, almost as if the water was a looking-glass.



JUNK'S SHIP.

JUNK, THE SHIP'S DOG.

And a very good thing it is that the night is clear and the sea so calm. You see the little boat there, with a man in it rowing, and a dog sitting up at one end of it. The dog's name is "Junk," and he belongs to that ship's captain. Let me tell you how he comes to be in the boat.

In the afternoon the captain had been on shore and had taken Junk with him; but when in the evening he came down to the sea-side, to row back to the ship, he missed his dog, looked for him, whistled for him, and inquired of everybody he knew, whether they had seen him. But Junk was nowhere to be found.

So the captain rowed off to the ship without him, hoping to find that he had gone back with some of the sailors who had gone on board earlier in the afternoon. But when the captain arrived at the ship, he found that this was not the case. Junk was not there, and none knew where he was.

In the very early morning, before the sun would rise, the ship was to set sail, and everybody was sad at the idea of doing so and leaving poor Junk behind. But Junk seemed to have some idea of this danger, and liked it as little as the sailors and captain.

An hour after the captain had gone back, just as the moon was rising, Junk came down to the shore. He had

JUNK, THE SHIP'S DOG.

lost his master, and had scoured the town for him. Now that he was sure his master must be back at the ship, he stood by the shore howling towards the ship, as though to make somebody on it hear ; but the plan failed. Nobody came from the ship, for nobody on it heard the howl.

Then Junk turned to nearer help, and howled to the fishermen, till at last one of them guessed what this howling meant. He had heard the captain's inquiries for his lost dog, and thought surely this must be the dog. So he got his boat ready, pushed it into the water, and asked Junk to come into it.

Junk was delighted to do so—whined, and wagged his tail, and licked his friend's hand, till they came in sight of the ship ; then he took to the end of the boat, sat still and silent, looking at the ship, as if hoping to catch the eye of some one on it.

Hearing a boat's oars splashing past, the man on watch came to the side of the ship to see what it could be ; when to his delight he saw it was some one bringing Junk. Junk saw him, and yelped his delight. As speedily as possible he was hoisted up into the ship.

Soon the captain was on deck. He paid the kind sailor well for his trouble, chained up his good dog, and turned in again for the night. In the morning all sailed for home.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

TWO swallows built their nest in a window corner. The rain beat against it and made it very soft.

So soft was it that it fell from its place, and in the fall it was broken to pieces.

Now when the nest fell there were young and very little swallows in it, and they fell with it and lay on the ground in all the rain and wind, and were very cold.

The person who lived in the house saw them, and placed a sheet over them like a little tent, to shelter them.

When the storm was over, many other swallows came to help their friends to build another nest. All did something: some brought clay, some brought hay, and some brought feathers and wool.

All worked hard until the new nest was finished. When it had been made snug and warm with feathers and wool, they carried the little ones one by one into it.

Then all the swallows chirped and darted about in gladness that all was right again, said good-bye, and went back to their own homes.

But for the many kind helpers out of their trouble, the young swallows must have died. May we not all learn a lesson from the swallows, and try to help one another?

WOLVES AND DEER.

LOOK at the deer in the picture. How does it come to be there? It is standing on the edge of a cliff and looking backward.



AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

What are those animals behind it? Are they dogs?
No; they are very like dogs, but they are wolves, cruel wolves, and they want to catch the deer to devour

WOLVES AND DEER.

it. Deer can run very much faster than wolves, and it is only by craft that wolves can catch them.

I will show you how the wolves have managed to get the deer where it is, and why they have done so.

A deer is feeding on a wide, grassy plain. A cliff is in front and a thick forest behind. The deer starts and looks round in fear. What makes the deer start?

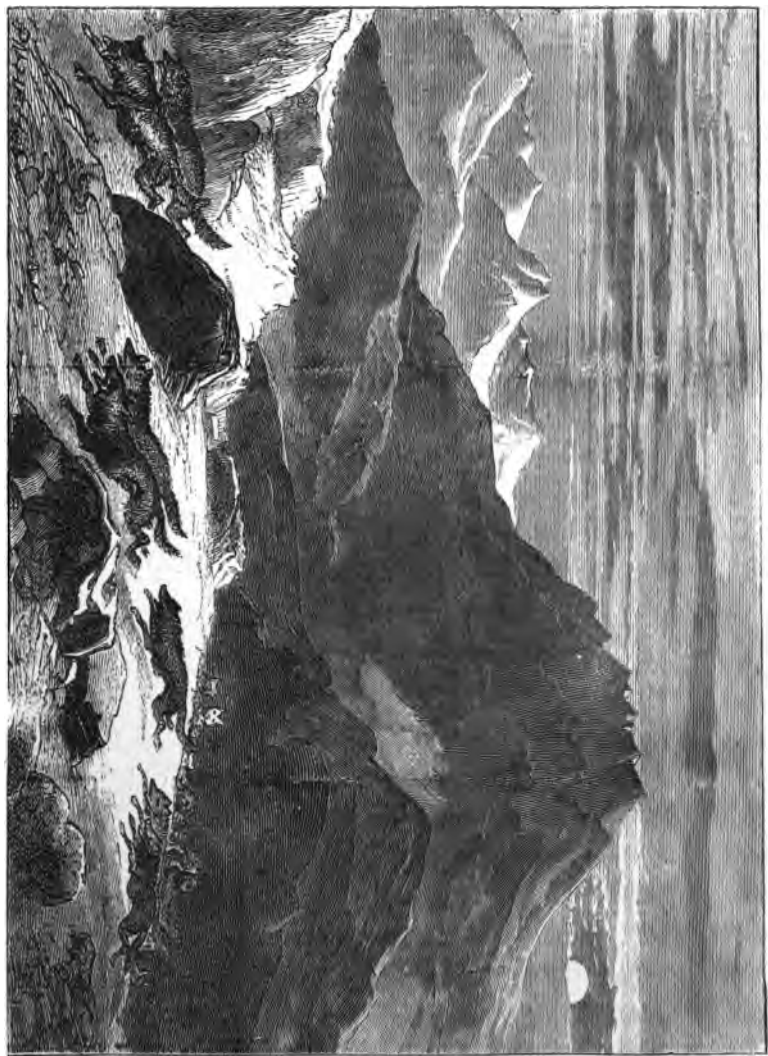
Listen! do you hear that sound? Hark! there it is again! What a dreadful sound! It is a cry, a howl—the howl of wolves! The sound is on this side of the deer, and on that side, and on every side save on the side which leads to the cliff. It gets nearer and louder. The wolves are coming.

The poor deer trembles with fright. It rushes away at full speed, straight forward. The wolves see their prey and rush after it. How fast the deer runs! it will soon leave its fierce pursuers far behind.

But the wolves follow. They know that it is fast bounding towards the cliff. The wolves are spread out on all sides; every way of retreat is cut off.

Now the deer sees the cliff and the depths beyond. It turns, and hopes to escape. But it is too late. The open jaws of the fierce wolves are on every side, a hungry band through which it is impossible to break.

Little by little they come nearer. Little by little the



WOLVES ON THE HIGH-ROAD AT NIGHT.

THE THORNLEY FAMILY.

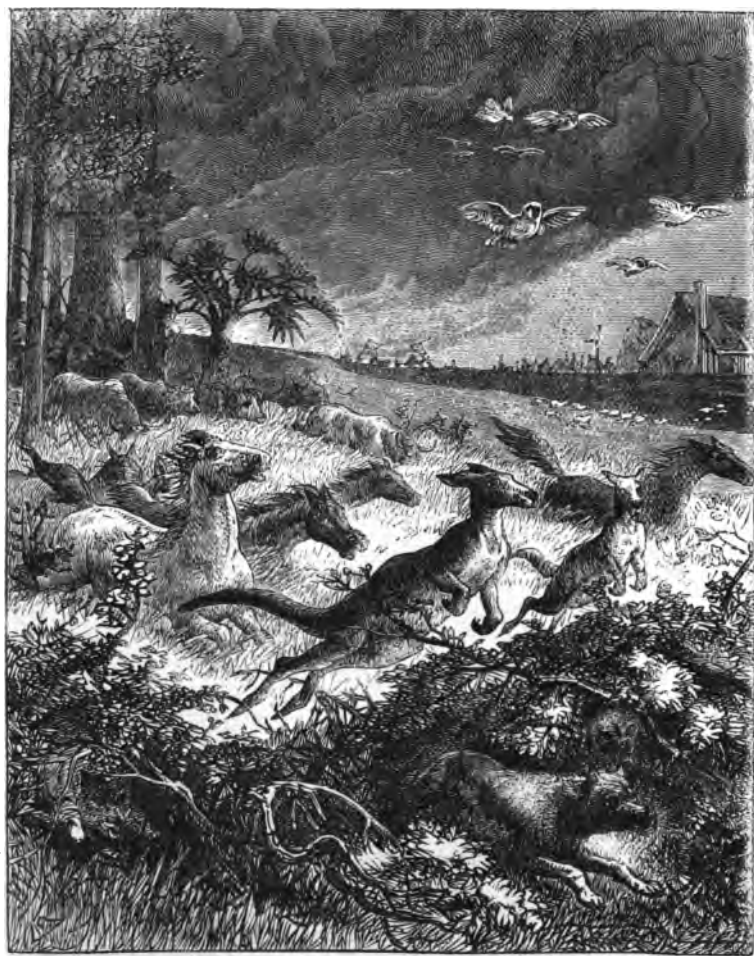
deer backs away until it is within one step of the cliff's edge. Then the wolves make a rush, and the startled deer slips from its footing, and falls over down on to the rocks below.

Swiftly, and amid yells of joy, the pitiless pursuers fly down the cliff by some safe path to devour their dying victim.



THE THORNLEY FAMILY.

THE Thornleys used to live in a village in Yorkshire, where they had a small farm; but Mr. Thornley one day took it into his head that he would go to Australia. The children were all glad to go, for they had read about bushmen, and parrots, and kangaroos being in Australia, and they thought it would be very fine to go and see all these wonderful things. But Mrs. Thornley did not like to go so far and leave all her old friends behind.



FLYING FROM A FIRE IN THE BUSH.

THE THORNLEY FAMILY.

A large ship took them over the sea, and then they took a large waggon to carry them and their things into the interior, where Mr. Thornley had taken a farm.

The children were disappointed because they saw no kangaroos and bushmen, but only common sheep, of



THE KANGAROO.

which their father had a great many, and common men who worked on their father's farm.

One day, however, they did see some of the wonderful things they wanted to see, but in a way they did not like; indeed, they were all afraid that they should suffer a dreadful death by it.



ESCAPE FROM FLOODS IN THE BUSH.

THE THORNLEY FAMILY.

A man in the bush lighted a fire, and this fire set on fire a great deal of dry grass, and this dry grass set on fire many dead branches that had fallen off the trees, and lay there quite dry and ready to burn. Then the burning grass and branches set fire to trees. The wind blew, and so the fire spread from one part of the bush to another, until at last the whole bush was in a blaze for many miles.

One morning, when one of the Thornleys was getting up, he saw red in the sky, near the ground, a long way off, and looking more carefully thought it must be the light of a large fire. Soon there was no doubt that it was so, and the fire was clearly coming nearer, and would come up to their house.

He quickly got all the people out of bed; they dressed and got ready to run as fast as they could to the bare hills, where they hoped, as there was nothing to burn, they might escape with their lives.

While they were dressing they saw all those creatures that you see in the picture go past the house; they had been disturbed by the fire, and were flying from it.

When the fire went out, the Thornleys were all safe. Very soon after they left the house the rain began to fall, and this put the fire out just in time to save their house from burning.

THE ANGELS' LADDER.

Another time, they had a very different kind of adventure; the rains fell for many days and nights very, very heavily. The rivers were swollen and overflowed their banks, and the land was all covered with water. Soon water came into the houses, then it filled the rooms from floor to ceiling, and they had to climb on to the roof. Fortunately, all got there safely. They were taken off by a boat which some kind men rowed to them, and taken to a house on high land where the flood did not reach.

Then the water went down, the land and houses were dried in the hot sun, and the Thornleys went back to their home, where they have lived ever since without either fire or flood.

THE ANGELS' LADDER.

“ IF there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of Jacob,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found that ladder,
With angels coming down.

THE ANGELS' LADDER.

"Then I would wait quite softly
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground ;
I would touch his shining garments,
And speak out very plain :
'Will you take me, please, to heaven,
When you go back again ?'

" 'Ah, darling,' said the mother,
'You need not wander so
To find the heavenly ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the heavenly ladder,
There are its lowest rounds.' "



NERO.

"O PAPA!" cried Walter, one day as he came in from the stable-yard, where he had been looking after the dogs, "what do you think Nero has done?"

"Something clever, I dare say," replied his papa.

"Clever, indeed—yes, it is clever, but it's far more than clever. Do try to guess; you never can, but do try," said Walter.

"Perhaps he has opened a door, or a gate, or let the cows out of their shed. But what is the use of trying to guess? You say that I never could guess right."

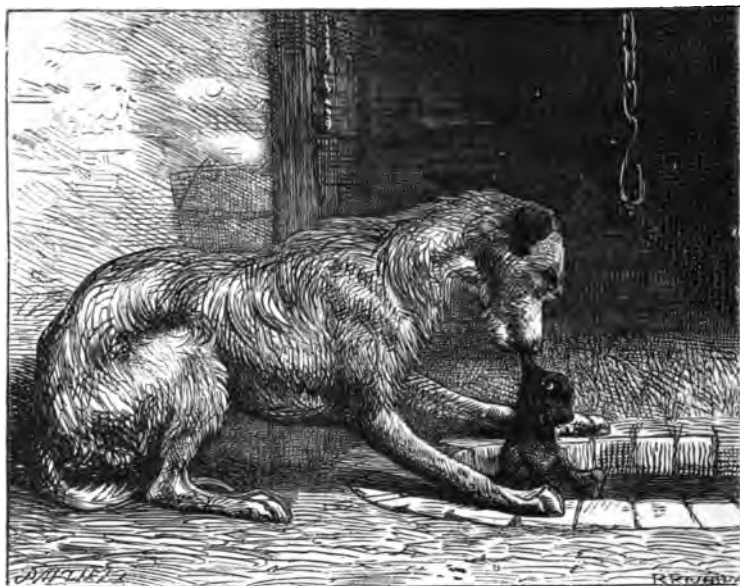
"No, I'm sure you could not. Well, Tom took one of the pups and put it into the well to drown it. It was the ugliest one, that we don't care to keep.

"When he had put it into the well, he went away. And as soon as he had gone, what do you think Nero did? He just went and took it out again. He had watched Tom throw it in, and when Tom went away he stopped behind, and then got hold of poor puppy's ear and dragged him out."

"Well done, Nero!" said papa. "And what did he do with it?"

"Do with it? why, that's the cleverest thing of all. He took it to poor Fan and gave it back to her again;

NERO.



NERO AT THE WELL.

and poor Fan, how she did whine and lick his nose for him, just as if she were kissing him and singing her thanks to him!"—"And what did Tom say to all that?"

"Say, papa? Tom does not know yet. Nero dodged Tom, or else Tom would have taken the pup away from him. He went all the way round the garden to get to Fan by a way where Tom could not see him."

"Well," replied Tom's papa, "he's a brave, kind fellow."

THE ILL-USED ASS.

"Yes, papa, he is; and I want to know if you won't let Fan have both her pups now. Tom will drown this one when he finds out what Nero has done. Do let her have it, papa, for Nero's sake."

"Drown it! No, nobody shall drown it now. I'll speak to Tom at once. Well done, Nero!"

"And let us called it 'Saved,' papa, 'Saved' because Nero saved it. Shall we?"—"Yes, call it what you will."

The rescued dog grew up to be a commonplace dog; but, after his deed at the well, brave, sensible Nero was more loved than ever.



THE ILL-USED ASS.

"**A**S stupid as an ass!" This people often say when they want to say that some one is very stupid indeed. But donkeys are not at all stupid creatures until they are made stupid by unkindness.

If a donkey is more stupid than a horse he is so because he is more unkindly treated than a horse. Treat him well and he will serve you well. He will be obedient, patient, hard-working, and gentle.

THE ILL-USED ASS.

In some lands the people treat donkeys much better than the people generally treat them in England. In England, even boys think it clever to do cruel things to a donkey, and too often the donkey's master does more cruel things still.

His master gives him hard work, little to eat, and many blows; and when the poor beast has been dragging his cart about all day, and goes home hungry and tired, he gives him no corn for his supper, no nice clean straw for his bed, and never thinks of combing and rubbing him down, to freshen him before he goes to sleep.

He would do all this for a horse, but he will not do it for a donkey. Now, is not that altogether too bad?

Well then, after all this, is it very strange that in time the donkey gets thin, bad-tempered, and ugly? and perhaps gives people kicks now and then? Poor fellow! if he does so, he is surely more to be pitied than to be blamed.

But I have said there are lands where the people are more sensible towards donkeys, and there donkeys are plump, good-tempered, and pretty creatures. People there never call any one "stupid as an ass." If they were to speak of people as like an ass at all, they would say, "As sharp and clever as an ass." There they deck

HOW THE DONKEY IS USED IN ENGLAND.



THE ILL-USED ASS.

him in gay trappings, and kings ride out on him. They show what the patient beast may become with good usage. Here is a picture of a donkey and his driver in such lands.

Let the English stroke the poor donkey's nose, pat him, feed him, give him a good bed, and be kind to him in his work, and they will soon see what a fine beast a donkey can become.

I have read a story of a well-used donkey which had a good head on his shoulders, and was evidently very fond of his kind master. He had been put on board a ship. The ship had sailed on its way many miles, and then it was wrecked, and all the people on it were drowned.

Where the ship was wrecked was not far from the shore. The donkey took care of himself—swam through the rough sea, got to land, and after shaking his coat dry, set out for his old home.

This was a long way off, and there was no one of whom he could ask the way to it. But still he reached it, went right up to his old stable door, and waited there till somebody came to open it for him.

You may imagine how surprised his old master was to see his face again. But the ass loved his master, and would rather work for him than do nothing. The ass valued the master because the master valued the ass.



HOW THE DONKEY IS USED ABROAD.

THE FIELD WITH THE TREASURE IN IT.

THE rather lazy sons of a small farmer were called to the bed where their father was dying, who told them that there was a great treasure hid in their field. "Dig for it," said he, "and you'll be sure to find it."

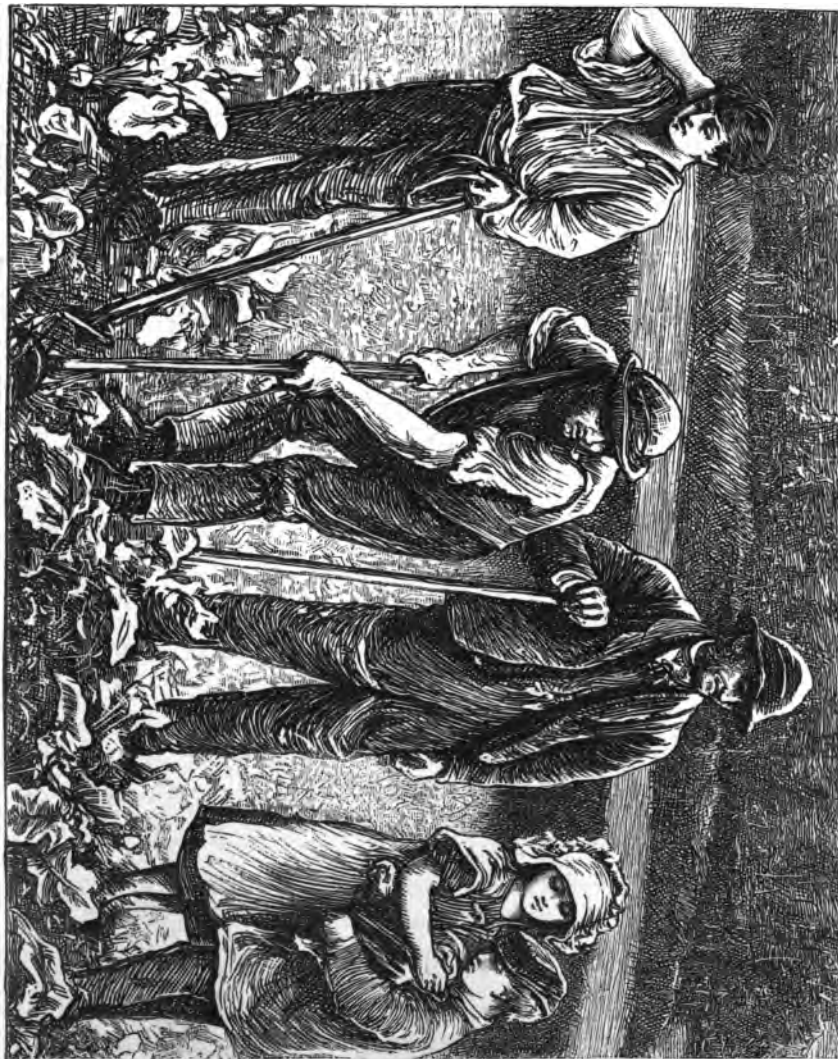
The boys softly but eagerly asked their father to tell them whereabouts. Their father, however, knew that they were idle boys, and wanted to be rich without work, so he only said, "Dig for it."

Hardly had the boys returned from their father's grave before they began to seek for the treasure with an energy which they had never shown before. The labourers on the farm could not imagine what had come to the dead farmer's sons.

There was not a square inch that was not first hoed and then digged over and over again; and every stone in the length and breadth of the field was picked up and thrown away. But there was no sign of treasure.

Then they used a plough, and ploughed deeper than plough ever went before, but when they had done all they did not find the treasure, and they imagined that their labour was thrown away.

When next year came, they wondered at the rich



THE FIELD WITH THE TREASURE IN IT.

crop in the field. Their harvest was finer than the harvest of any past year, and finer than the harvest in any neighbour's field.

Then the boys saw what their father meant. The field yielded treasure to hard work. They saw the way to poverty was to be lazy.

They were no longer lazy, but dug well every season from that time. Year after year, their fields were the richest in the whole country, and they became strong and honest men.

This story has a lesson for everybody; especially for boys.

Where'er your "field" of work, boys,

Dig with might and main ;

'Tis only those who dig, boys,

That treasure ever gain.

In home and school and shop, boys,

Treasure you're sure to find ;

Treasure for hand and limb, boys,

Treasure for heart and mind.

If you be earnest, honest, boys,

Digging well your "field,"

You'll find at first or last, boys,

That treasure it must yield.

ALFRED BRAND; OR, "DO LET ME SAIL."

JUST a year ago Alfred Brand went with his father to the sea-side.

Alfred Brand's father was a kind father. He worked very hard at his joiner's bench to earn money to buy Alfred, and Alfred's little brothers and sisters, their clothes and food, and pay for their schooling.

From the town where Mr. Brand lived there was a cheap trip to the sea-side, and it was by this trip that Alfred and his father went.

At breakfast time Alfred threw his arms round his father's neck and called him his dear father, and said he would be so good.

When breakfast was over off they went to the railway station. At the station they took their tickets, and Alfred's father paid for them out of the money he had earned by working so hard.

They took their seats in the carriage, and in a little time, with a whistle and a "puff, puff," the train set off.

On they went, faster than Alfred had ever been before, through bridges and tunnels, past villages and towns, and over rivers and canals, till in an hour they stopped at the station at the sea-side.

ALFRED BRAND; OR, "DO LET ME SAIL."

Now Alfred was in a crowd such as he had never been in before. There were hundreds and hundreds of people getting out of the train.

Alfred was afraid he should miss his father and be lost. So Alfred's father picked him up and carried him till there was plenty of room and Alfred was not afraid to walk.

Soon they came to the shore, and oh! what a sight! Donkeys and stalls, and boats and vans to bathe in, and the great blue sea with fine ships and flags on their masts.

And people were saying, "Will you have a ride, my gentleman?" "Now for sailing!" "This way to bathe!" It was all so nice, Alfred was filled with joy.

"O father, do let me have a sail! I should like to sail in that big boat. Look, father, people are going in. There's a boy going in no bigger than I am. Do let me have a sail."

"No, Alfred, you would be sick; the sea is rough, it would make you very ill to sail to-day. Some other day, when we come again, you may."

But Alfred begged and entreated, and then cried, and said he was sure he would not be sick if his father would let him sail.

So his father let him have his way. Alfred got into



ON THE ROUGH SEA.

K

THE SHEEP AND THE FAIRY.

the boat; and it went up and down over the waves, and Alfred soon looked pale. "O father, I feel so ill! Do let me get out."—"You cannot get out, my boy, till the boat goes to the shore."

"How long will it be?" gasped Alfred.

"It will be nearly an hour," said his father.

Then Alfred was sick, and when the boat was at the shore again, and they all got out, Alfred's father had to carry him to a house and stop with him till he got better again.

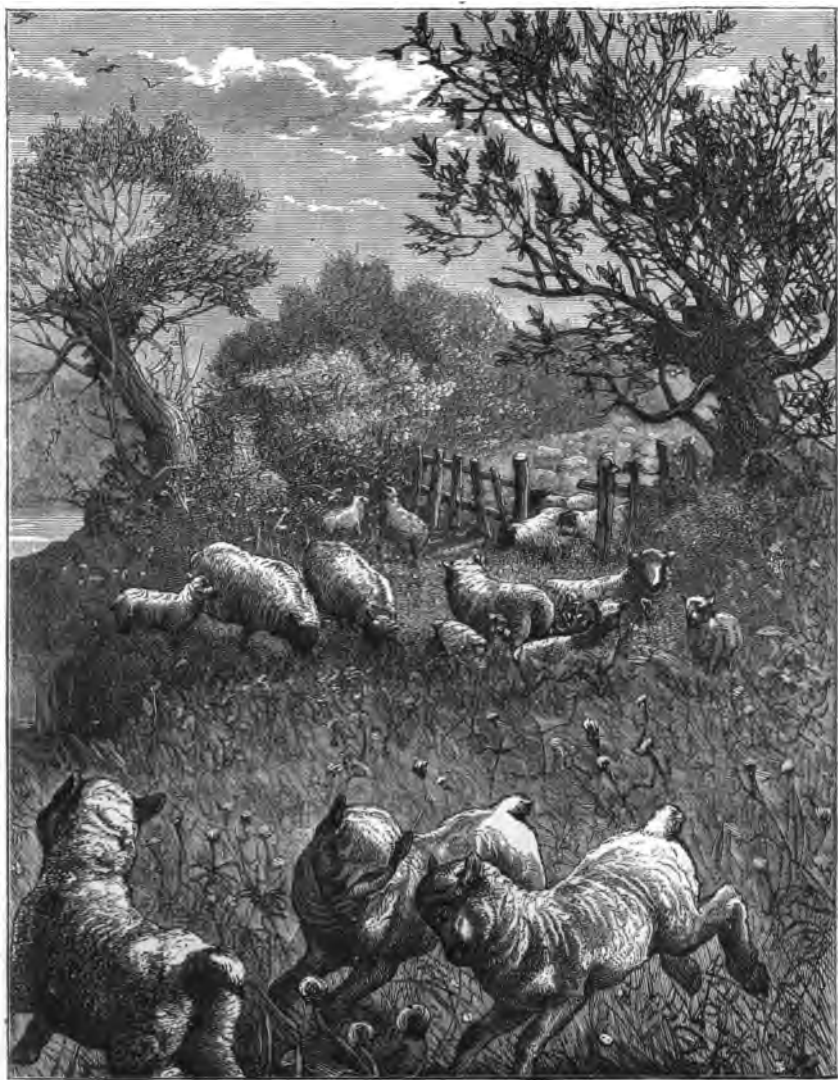


THE SHEEP AND THE FAIRY.

THERE was once a flock of sheep which had everything that sheep could want to make them contented and happy.

They had rich green grass in the field, and round it were trees which shaded them from the sun in hot days, and from wind in cold ones.

At the bottom of the field ran a brook of clear water where they could cool their feet and quench their thirst.



THE FLOCK OF SHEEP.

THE SHEEP AND THE FAIRY.

The farmer who owned them was a kind and thoughtful man.

Now this farmer kept three dogs. When the sheep were wanted by the farmer, he sent out the dogs to bring them in. Then the dogs would bark at the sheep.



THE WOLVES WATCHING THE SHEEP.

Sometimes, too, when the sheep were lazy and did not go fast enough, the dogs would snap at the sheep and give them a little pain. But this was the sheep's own fault.

Now one day a fairy came to these sheep and asked them what they would like her to do for them. When

THE SHEEP AND THE FAIRY.

they had thought a while they agreed that they would like her to take away the farmer's dogs.

"They are no good to us, they trouble us, they hurt us," said the sheep, "and we shall be quite happy if the dogs are taken away."

So the fairy promised to take the dogs away, and left the field, and the sheep capered about for joy.

That night the sheep went to sleep in peace ; but they had not been long asleep when the older of them awoke. They heard a sound. What was it?

They listened, and they heard it again. It was dreadful. What could it be? Now it came so near that all the sheep awoke, and they were all filled with fear.

The dreadful sound came nearer and nearer, till at length they could see in the hedge the very eyes of the creatures that made it.

Now, there was no mistake as to what they were. "Wolves!" "Wolves!" they said to one another. "Oh! where are the dogs?" and now they began to feel how very foolish they had been to ask the fairy to take away the dogs.

At this moment the fairy came ; so the sheep cried for the dogs. Then the fairy brought back the dogs, and the wolves went away. But the fairy said, "Remember

THE KINGFISHER.

that once you grumbled at those you now find to be your very best friends."

So the sheep were very glad to have back the dogs whom they once disliked, and were contented ever after.



THE KINGFISHER.

AMONGST the charms of a walk in fields which border a stream is the sight of the bright, glancing kingfisher, and the sound of his quick, sharp, click, click, clicking voice.

The kingfisher is an English bird. His plumage is gorgeous. He is covered with vivid, flashing blue, and green, and orange, and white. In splendour, he far excels all other English birds. Yet, handsome as is his plumage, he cannot boast a very graceful form. His body is short and dumpy, his head is large, his tail is short, and his bill exceedingly long.

The kingfisher lives by the banks of rivers and brooks, but only of such rivers and brooks as are of

THE KINGFISHER.

clear, sparkling water, and whose banks are well wooded with shrubs.

He chooses to live near a stream because fishes, on which he lives, and insects, after which he loves to glance about, are found there. He prefers a clear,



KINGFISHER DIVING.

sparkling stream, chiefly because he has to catch his fish, and to catch them he must first see them.

He likes bushes all along the banks; for when he fishes he has to sit on some twig overhanging the stream till a fish appears below. So that if there were not bushes everywhere, he could not fish everywhere.



When a fish is sighted just beneath him, down he plunges into the water to catch it if he can. When his bill gets hold of a fish it does not let it go; for it was to catch fish that his bill was made so large and strong. In an instant, up he comes again. When out of the water he flies to land with his captive, speedily puts it to death by knocking it against a stone, and then swallows it.

He flies swiftly and dives well, and thoroughly enjoys life.

His nest is made in a hole on the stream-bank. Sometimes he digs the hole for himself, but more frequently he takes one which has been made by a water-rat. The water-rat is, of course, not consulted about this, and may not quite like the choice; but if he does not, he had better keep his trouble to himself. If he grumbles, Mr. Kingfisher's long bill will soon settle the question.



THE KINGFISHER.

At the end of this hole he pecks out a small room.
There, retired and snug, far away from wind and rain,
he and his little lady make their happy home, and rear
their pretty young.

He lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green mossy hazel roots firmly entwined ;



KINGFISHERS FEEDING.

Where the dark alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the sword-flag and arrow-head grow at his door.
Then the brown water-rat from his burrow looks out,
To see what his neighbour kingfisher's about ;
And the green dragon-fly, flitting slowly away,
Just pauses one moment to bid him good-day.

STORY OF A DOG.

A DISABLED steamer was once driven by the force of the wind on the rocky shore of a large island. She struck the rocks with such force that she could hold together but a very short time.

The boats on being lowered into the sea were swamped in a moment, that is were filled with water and sank into the sea.

The people belonging to the island, seeing the perilous position of the crew, came down to the shore to do what they could. But no boat could be got to the ship, the wild waves would have speedily turned it over and drowned all in it.

So the case of the poor seamen on the wreck was fast becoming hopeless. They looked with longing eyes at the land hardly more than a stone's throw away, and then with despair at the raging billows between them and it.

Their only chance of life was to get a rope to the shore. They tried to throw one, but every effort failed.

If the end of the line could only somehow be carried to the shore, they might yet be saved. But who would venture to take it? The most powerful swimmer among them could never breast those mighty waves.



THE WRECK AFTER THE STORM.

STORY OF A DOG.

On board the wreck there were two beautiful Newfoundland dogs. These were no sooner thought of than tried. A line was tied to the largest of them. The dog, as though knowing what was wanted, leaped at once into the sea. It swam for a short time, but half-way to land its strength failed and it sank and was drowned.

The second dog was tried, but with the same result. All hope seemed gone now. What could they do? They looked round at each other as though saying, Will any man venture?

There was another dog on board, an English bulldog, small, but very firmly built. This dog, not being used to swimming, was scarcely thought of; but, now that it was their only chance, it was tried, though without hope of success.

They fastened the line to it and threw it overboard. It rose to the surface, and, to the wonder of the sailors, swam bravely on. Again and again the waves dashed over it, still it struggled on. Eagerly the crew and the people on the shore watched for that little head as it sank between the waves until it rose on their crest again.

At length it neared the shore. There it was dashed among the wild breakers, into which for a moment it seemed to have sunk, and the seamen gave a cry of

HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

despair. But the fear was only for a moment; again it was seen. At last, it was cast up on the shore, exhausted, almost dead with its struggle. But the line was landed. Now the men on the wreck tied the end of the line to a strong rope. The end of the rope was hauled to the shore, and then the seamen passed along it and were all saved.



HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

TIBBY was a snowy white cat, and at one time she was a very nice cat. She loved her home, and was loved by the people in it. Even Floss, the snappish dog, liked Tibby. But Tibby sadly changed. She made the acquaintance of a bad black cat, which lived next door, and learnt naughty ways from it.

She did not now care for Floss, she did not like to be loved: she became a wild cat, and was loved by nobody, and cared only for roving in the fields.

When she was hungry she would not now mew for

HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

milk or go and catch a mouse. She would hunt rabbits, and hares, and birds.



TIBBY AND FLOSS.

When out hunting, she lay hid in the long grass which grew close to the hedge. There she waited for hours, expecting some bird or hare to pass by that way.

HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

Nobody now cared for Tibby. The people that once loved her at home could not love her now, and the people



TIBBY AND THE BAD BLACK CAT.

who owned the fields hated her, and wanted to shoot her, because she killed their rabbits, and hares, and birds.

HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

The dogs had often chased her, and the men had often shot at her, but she was a swift runner and got safely away. One day, however, she came to her end.

On that day, as usual, she stole away to the fields and lay in wait, hidden in the long grass of a hedge. As she waited she heard some partridges coming her way.

On they came, running in and out amongst the corn. In a little while they came so near that Tibby could see them. There was a mother partridge with several little ones.

Then they came nearer still, and Tibby felt that by a good spring she could reach them.

Slowly she arose; then quietly she lifted a paw, and softly she put it down again. Then quietly she lifted another, and quietly put that down again; and so she crept out of the place where she was hid.

Then, in a moment, out she sprang, and caught a poor little bird. But it was the last she would catch; for "bang" went a gun, and poor Tibby lay dead on the round.

The farmer, whose birds and rabbits Tibby was so fond of killing, was this time close at hand. His gun was with him and it was ready loaded; so, at last, Tibby was caught.

HOW TIBBY MADE HER FOES.

The little partridge was caught, too, but it was the last Tibby would catch. When it was known that Tibby



TIBBY AND THE PARTRIDGES.

was dead, nobody was sorry—rabbits, hares, partridges, farmers, even her old mistress too—all were glad; for, becoming an unlovely cat, she had lost all her friends.

THE MASON AND THE ROBIN.

THERE is Charley, the mason, and his neighbour Tom. They are both good, kind men, and have clean, happy homes where their wives and little children live. They are now at work in a stone quarry. Tom is giving God thanks before he begins to eat the dinner which his eldest boy—little Tom, as he is called—has just brought, nice and hot, from his mother's oven. Little Tom has gone back to get his own dinner, and get ready for school. Charley's other name is Newall. He is reading a book, for his "little" Charley has not got here yet. He has half a mile farther to come from his mother's oven than had little Tom.

But Charley Newall was not to get his dinner to-day quite as soon as usual; for, whilst he was reading, he heard such a painful sound coming out of the woods, which were on the left-hand side of the quarry. It was evidently from a bird in trouble. Now Charles was a kind-hearted man, so he put down his book, left the quarry and went to see what it could mean. And what do you think he saw?

A little bird—what kind of a little bird it was he did not see—with fluffed feathers was flitting about, close



THE MASONS IN THE DINNER HOUR.

THE MASON AND THE ROBIN.

to a nest. What was the matter he could not at first see. But when he got closer he found that a nasty black adder, twenty inches long, was close to the edge of the nest, waiting to kill the little birds which he could now see were inside it. Poor little things! they



ROBIN AND NEST.

were in great danger, and the poor mother saw all this, and was screaming and breaking her little, loving heart about it. Now, she flew at the adder and with all her might struck her sharp beak into its head. Then she rose up on her wings to get strength to come down with force on its head again, screaming all the time in a most piteous way.]

THE MASON AND THE ROBIN.

In a moment Charley struck the black thing, and it loosed its hold on the tree and fell back into the grass, where it tried to hide itself and get away; but Charley hated snakes, and never did he more hate them than just now, when he had seen one trying to kill those dear little baby birds and breaking that tiny, loving mother's heart. So he struck it again and again, and at last it lay still and died.

All this time, what do you think the little mother-bird did? She actually flew on to the shoulder of Charles, fluttered in greatest glee whilst he was killing her dreadful enemy, and then flew down on to the dead body and gave it a good pecking, and in other ways showed how glad she was that her enemy was dead.

Then Charles saw that in striking the adder he had struck the nest. He could not help this, for the adder was on the edge of the nest. But in striking it he had knocked out of it two of the young ones. When he turned from killing the adder, these two little things were fluttering about on the ground. So he gently picked them up, and put them back again into their snug little nest. When Charles had time to take notice he found that it was a robin's home he had saved. Charles and the mother-robin have often seen each other since, and they are on excellent terms.



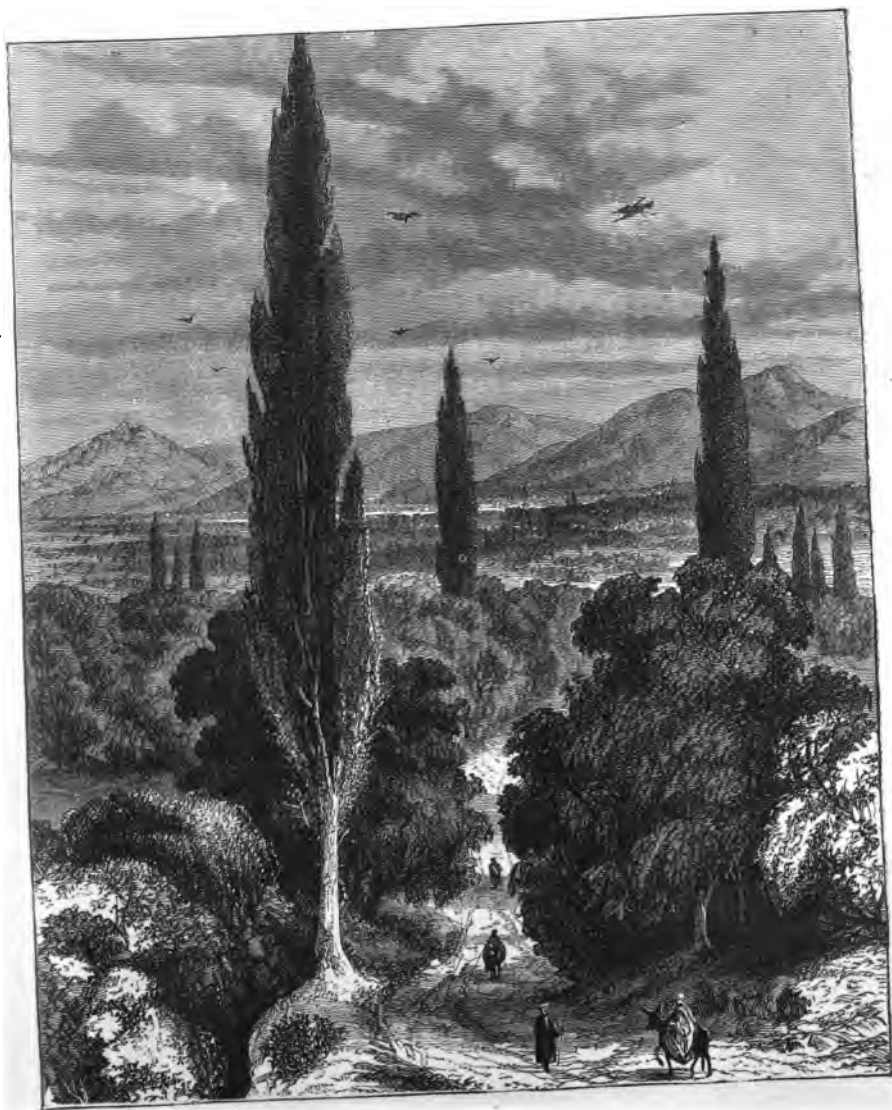
THE POPLAR AND THE DAISY.

A TALL poplar-tree once looked down on a little daisy which was growing near its root, and said, "What a bit of a thing! What makes you paint your face like that, and put that big stiff frill round it, as though you were wanting to be taken for a Queen Elizabeth?"

The daisy should have taken no notice of this insolence, but unfortunately its temper was roused by it, and so it made an equally insolent reply.

"And what do *you* do, lifting your proud empty head above every other head? just as though *you* were somebody!" and then it sharply turned round to look at the sun, and otherwise conducted itself in an offended and consequential way.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I'm proud, ay? and surely,



THE POPLAR.

THE POPLAR AND THE DAISY.

what are you? A lofty, stately tree has perhaps some little to be proud of. I might be justly proud if I were talking with an oak, or an elm, but with a *daisy*! Dear me! We are living in strange times when a daisy, a nothingly, miserable little daisy dares to speak to its betters in that way. If I could lift my foot, you would not speak to me like that again."

"Oh, indeed! Then even *you* cannot do everything, *big* as you are. And you, a tall thing like you, feel you'd like to *kick* me, or perhaps stamp on me, do you? I must admit you are a *very* noble tree and have much to be proud of," retorted the daisy, in a cool sneering tone, and then added, with a vexatious sort of little laugh, "As your lofty pride cannot kick me, I shall *stop* where I am, and *say* what I like."

"There's one consolation, you can't stop very long. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you die," said the poplar, and it shook in every leaf, from head to foot, with a cruel, heartless laugh.

This stung the poor little daisy to the quick. It felt now the poplar had the best of it, and in its pride and sorrow, it shut up its petals and began to weep. And the sight of its tears went to the poplar's heart—at least, to so much of a heart as it had.

Just then one of the trees that was nearly half-way

THE POPLAR AND THE DAISY.

between the two quarrellers interposed. "What is all this strife about? You, Mr. Poplar, are not as high as the sun, but the sun has too much sense to insult you for that. It smiles on you, and makes you what you are. And it has a brighter face than the daisy, and a bigger frill round it too. And the soil! is not that further down below your lofty head than even the daisy; yet what would you be without the lowly soil? Where would you get your strength from? And then, you taunt the daisy with its brief duration, and you sneer at it because it will soon be gone away. But are not the clouds higher than you? Do you not moreover live, and shake those leaves of yours by their rains? Yet they do not last so long even as a daisy. Can you afford to laugh at things that have only a brief life because you have a long one? You hint at the insignificance of the daisy because you can hardly *see* it. But did you ever see the air? That is more difficult to see than the daisy, is it not? You may have a very tall body, Mr. Poplar, but you have evidently a very small head, and very little in it. And I may say that that long body of yours has not much room for a heart—at least, if I may judge by the way you have spoken to this daisy. I have heard, indeed, that poplars are rotten there."

Then, turning to the daisy, the tree continued, "Now,

WILLIE WEST'S DOG AT SCHOOL.

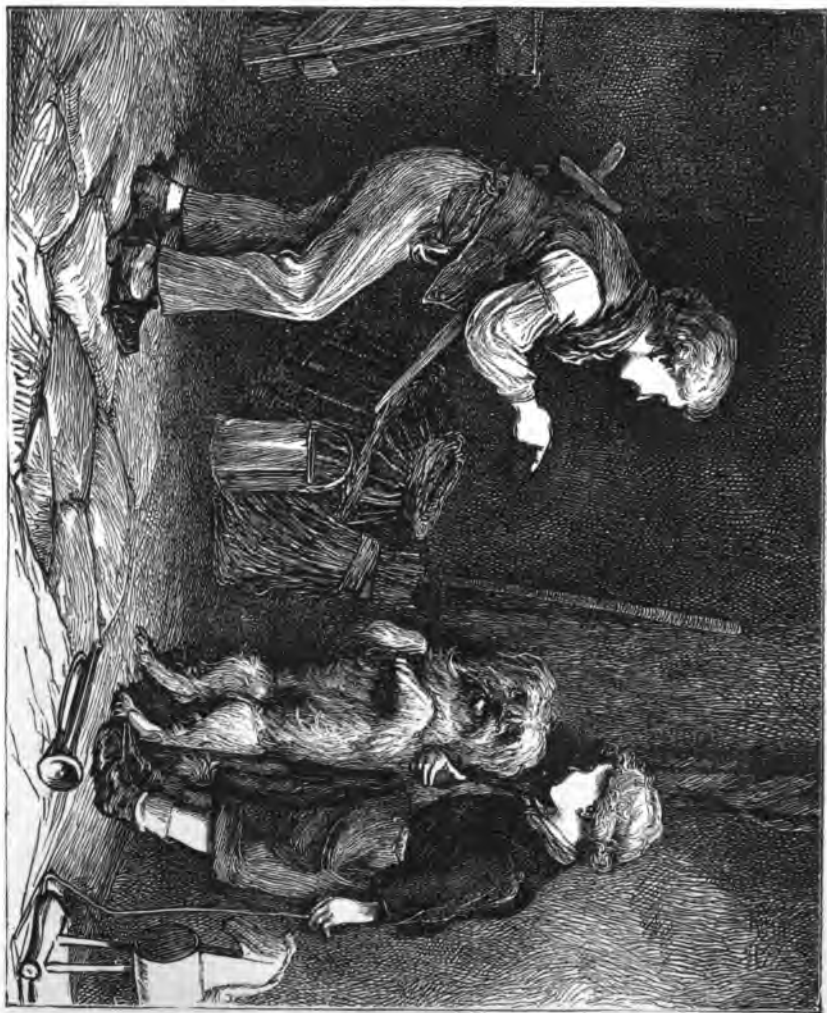
little daisy, learn that your strength and wisdom is in modesty, not in insolence, nor even in argument. When God made you two he made you each to be what you are. Where that poplar grows He wanted a poplar to grow, and where you are, He wanted a daisy to be. We ought not to try and answer to one another for being what we are, but only to God. The happy life for us all—fruit-trees, such as I am, poplars, clouds, suns, and daisies is to feel that we are just what God our maker wanted us to be—His will be done !”



WILLIE WEST'S DOG AT SCHOOL.

JACK was a rough, jolly little Skye terrier. He belonged to the son of Mr. West, a rich man who kept a horse. In the horse's stable Jack slept. Mr. West had also a stable-boy, who was a good, sensible boy, and kind to Willie West and also to the dog. One day there came into the village of Barton—where the

WILLIE'S DOG AT SCHOOL.



WILLIE WEST'S DOG AT SCHOOL.

West's lived—a man with a drum and performing dogs. Willie was in the road at the time, and with great delight saw the dogs go through their wonderful tricks.

Two of them stood on their hind legs, walked up to each other, and then “shook hands.” One stood up and had a piece of bread put on its nose, which it then tossed up into the air, and, as it was coming down again, cleverly caught in its mouth. Then the same dog jumped through a hoop, and walked up a little ladder, and at last, with a cap on its head and pair of trousers on its hind legs, a coat and waistcoat on its body, and a pipe in its mouth, it walked round the little ring of people looking at it, carrying in its “hands” a small round dish to receive their money. The showman finished up by saying, “There, ladies and gentlemen, see the advantage of sending your dogs to school.”

Willie was delighted, and he resolved that as Jack had seen all these dog-wonders, he would try to make him do some of them. So home he went, got the stable-boy to help him, and then began to put Jack “to school.”

But, after trying two or three times, it was clear that poor Jack did not like it; it pained him, and so Willie gave it up. He was a kind boy, and he began to fear the dog-trainer must have been unkind to the performing dogs, to make them do such wonderful

THE TWO WAGGONERS.

things. So Willie would never even look at such performances again ; for he could not but think even a look was a kind of reward for the man's cruelty to his dogs.



THE TWO WAGGONERS.

YOU see the waggon and the fine team of horses in it. That man in the front is a poor man whom the waggoner has picked up on the road to favour him with a ride, and the man by the horses is the kind waggoner.

He lived at a village twelve miles away from Honfleur, a seaport in France, and it is at that seaport he is just arriving with his load of charcoal for a ship.

I will tell you a tale which will show you what sort of a waggoner he was. In the morning, he and another man with a similar waggon, and team of three horses—there are five, you see, now—had set out from the village where they both lived, and were to be at the ship for which they had loads and back again on the same day.

THE TWO WAGGONERS.

Off started one, lashing his horses and making them get over the ground in double quick time. "What do you drive like that for?" cried the other. "I'm going to get there quick, and have time to myself to look about a bit," was the reply.

Before the slower waggoner could make an answer, the faster one was out of hearing. But he said to himself, "Well, I should be ashamed to think of driving like that; horses like these are made to draw, not to gallop. An hour or two in a grand town is all very well, but cruelty to your horses is too big a price to pay for it; that's what I say;" and with that, he gave a proud look at his team, and patted the shoulder of the nearest horse, which returned the pat by a little kindly turn of its head towards its driver.

Two hours passed by and the port was just coming in sight, and there was something else in sight, too. The first waggoner and his team had come to grief. Turning a corner, one of the front horses had stumbled, and the others, to get out of its way, had bent sharply to one side of the road, running the waggon, as they did so, into a wet ditch where the wheels sank and the whole thing stuck fast. The driver, who was sitting on the shaft, on the ditch side of the waggon, was thrown up against the strong wooden posts which edged the ditch, and nar-

THE TWO WAGGONERS.



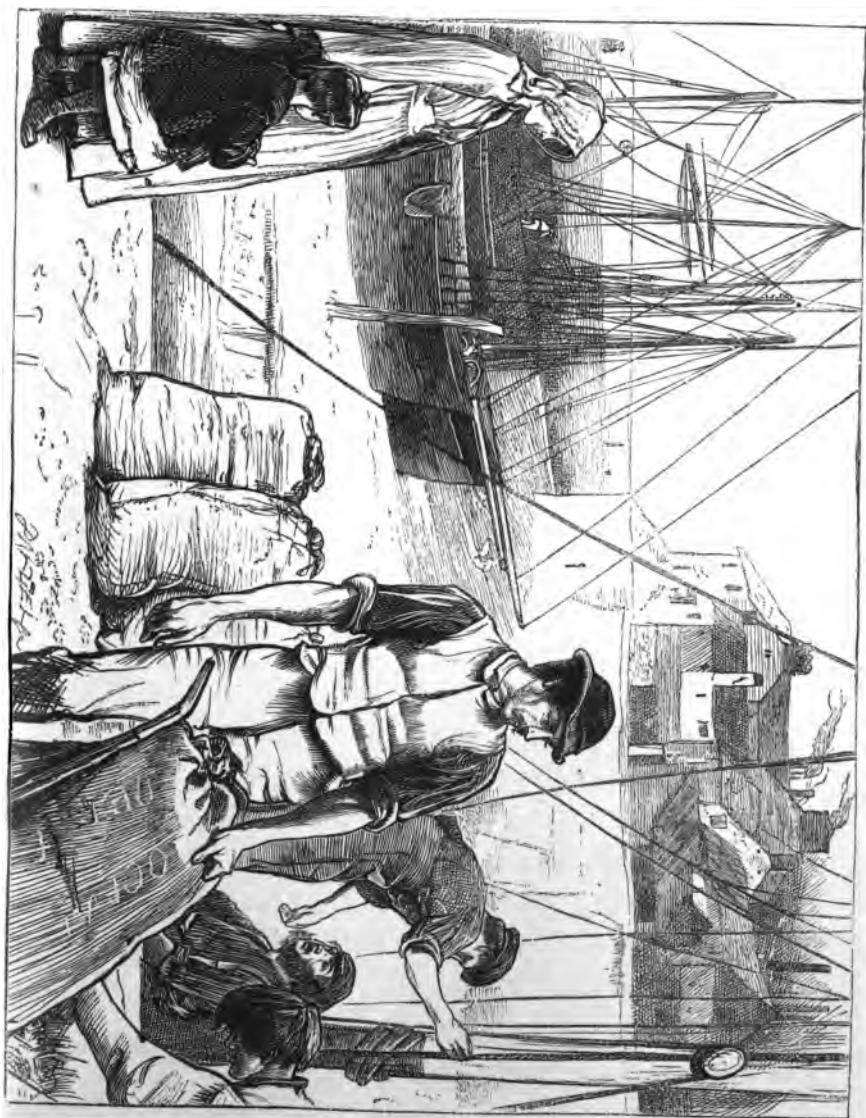
THE TWO WAGGONERS.

rowly escaped being crushed to death between them and the front wheel of the waggon. As it was, he only tore his coat and badly hurt his leg.

When the second waggoner came up, the poor injured man had just got his horses out of the mess, and they were standing in the road. The one that had fallen was bleeding at the knee and shoulder, and the man himself was in the ditch washing his own injured leg.

Well, of course, the kind waggoner, who was too kind to his horses to run them for his own pleasure at such a killing rate, was quite willing to help his less kind companion, now that he was in trouble. So he stopped, bound up the man's leg, washed the bleeding horse, and patted the rest all round, for he rightly guessed they had been lashed and sworn at for their accident; and as it was no use trying to drag the waggon out whilst loaded, and, indeed, as the ship would sail before they got to Honfleur if they were even to try, he unloaded the charcoal into his own waggon, yoked two of the horses to his own team, fastened the lame horse behind the waggon, lifted up the bruised waggoner on to the front of the load, and away he went, just arriving at Honfleur in time to get both loads into the ship before it sailed.

That is the reason why, starting from his village with three horses in his waggon, he arrives at Honfleur with



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THE FOX AND THE HEN.

five, and why there, up on the waggon front, sits a poor traveller, to whom he is giving a lift on his way.

It is true that this world was not made for selfish people, and that may be the reason why selfish people sooner or later get themselves into trouble, and kind people have to try to get them out of it.



THE FOX AND THE HEN.

ONE day a fine hen and her chickens were taking a walk round the yard where the farmer kept his corn. Just outside the yard was a small wood, and inside that wood there was a fox. The fox is a very sly, cunning fellow. He has very soft paws, so that he can walk about as softly as a cat. His tail is long and very bushy, and his nose is pointed.

He eats flesh, and is very fond of fat ducks, or geese, or hens.



THE FARMYARD.

M 2

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

Now as this sly, cunning fox was softly creeping about in the long grass of the wood, he heard the hen clucking to her chickens.

He pricked up his ears and listened, and the hen said "cluck, cluck" again, and he heard little chickens chirp.

Now, there was a stone wall between the wood where the fox was and the yard where the hen and chickens were.

So the sly fox crept softly close up to this wall. Then he listened and again heard the hen go "cluck, cluck," and the chickens chirp.

At the thought of the good breakfast he was going to have his mouth watered. But there was still the wall to leap. Once on the top of that, he could pounce down on his prize.

Till now the hen had no idea that danger to her and her little ones was so near, the fox had moved about so slyly and softly. Slyly and softly he now got ready to jump, took a good spring, and reached the top of the wall.

Poor mother and chicks !

But they are not pounced on yet !

Before more than the point of the fox's nose was up above the wall, the hen caught sight of him, called to

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

her chickens, and ran as fast as her legs could carry her. And the chickens ran as fast as their legs could carry them.

There they go, running and flying and screaming



"RUNNING AND FLYING AND SCREAMING."

away. They had a sad fright, and will not soon forget the peep of that ugly face over the top of the wall.

But they all got into a safe place. Then the frightened mother gathered her frightened chickens under her wings, and she took a little rest, and her chickens went to sleep.



SOME CURIOUS FISHES.—I.

JUST look at that fish ! that with the dreadful mouth —so large, and with such a row of sharp teeth. Is it not dreadful-looking? How big do you think it is? It is about as big as a boy of eight or nine years old. It is almost all head, and the head is one enormous mouth.

The head is rather like a frog's head, so the fish is called a frog-angler, or fish-frog ; and a lively, crafty fisher it is. It is as ugly in character as it is in looks, for it is a chief of deceivers, as many a thoughtless fish has found to its cost. Sometimes it floats about in the clear water, and at others it conceals itself at the bottom, in the middle of a cloud of mud. When it is in the clear water it wants nothing, for it knows that when fishes see it, they keep far enough out of its way ; but when it is in the cloud of mud which it makes to hide itself it wants fishes, and then many find, when it is too late, that they are shooting down its throat.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

Now, let us see how it manages to trap them. On the front of its head you see there is a long, thin, upright thing bent at the top, which, to it, is a kind of fishing-rod and line. The tip of that bent part, you

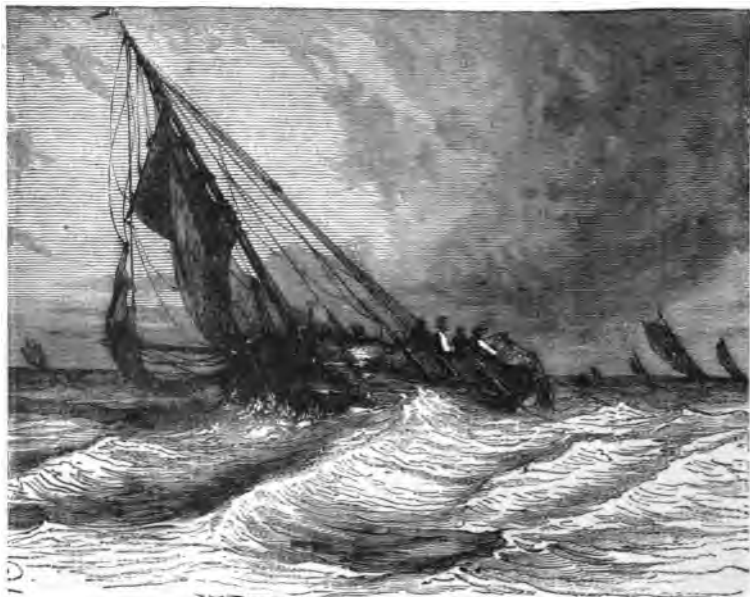


THE FROG-ANGLER.

may see, is wider and flattened a little. This part is of a bright, tempting colour, and acts as a kind of bait to the line, so that altogether it is a rod, line, and bait. This the angler can lay down, or erect, or twist round, just as it likes.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

Now these are the "fishing-tackle" with which this fish secures its prize. And this is the way it fishes:— It first sinks to the bottom of the water, and there it lies flat upon its belly; then it gently stirs up the mud,



THE FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

causing a cloud just big enough and just thick enough to cover and hide it from other fishes' sight. But it never makes the cloud big enough to hide the top of its fishing-rod and its bright, tempting-looking bait.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

Hidden in this cloud, it waves its rod, which reaches above it.

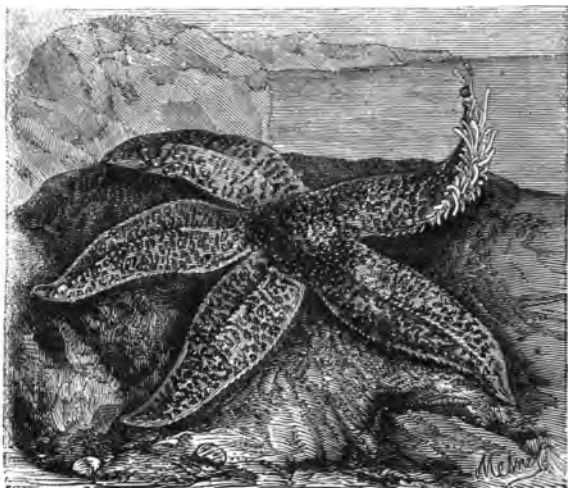
A fish sees the bait and darts at it. The angler sees the fish coming, and, just as it would seize the bait, opens wide that great mouth, and the duped fish finds itself darting straight down the angler's throat, much to the angler's delight. No sooner is this prize disposed of than the bait waves again above the mud-cloud, and the angler awaits fresh prey.

But deceivers are often victims of deceit, and so this angler-fish found one day on the coast of Scotland, where a fisherman, observing the angler's mud-cloud at the bottom of rather shallow water, resolved to take it in. Down towards the bait, which he could see dangling above the cloud, the fisherman darted a long-handled mop. The unsuspecting angler saw the approaching body in glee, threw back its rod, and opened its wide mouth to receive it. Of course, the mop-head went down its throat.

This time the trapper was trapped. The mop-morsel was not savoury, so the angler struggled to disgorge it; but it stuck fast. The angler's teeth were entangled, so it struggled in vain, and, amid the mirth of its captors, was hauled into the boat to meet a deceiver's fate.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.—II.

There is a very different-looking and a very different-living fish, called the brittle star-fish, which seems to have a very heroic kind of soul in it. You have read



A STAR FISH.

or heard of soldiers whose motto has been "No surrender!" and when these brave fellows have been defeated, rather than be taken captive they have killed themselves with their own swords and guns.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

Brittle star-fish seem to have a spirit just like that. Take them captive, and they will destroy themselves. As soon as they find that they are prisoners, they break off their arms and legs and throw them away !

That is a strange fact ; but what is almost stranger still is, that if you let them go back into the water again and give them liberty, they will grow arms and legs



CATCHING FISH WITH NETS.

again ; but, however long you keep them as prisoners, they won't do so. They positively refuse to exist, save with freedom.

This brave little creature is in clothing, too, like a soldier. Its coat is brilliant red, with stripes sometimes of yellow, sometimes of white. There is a picture of a star-fish, but its legs and arms are thick.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

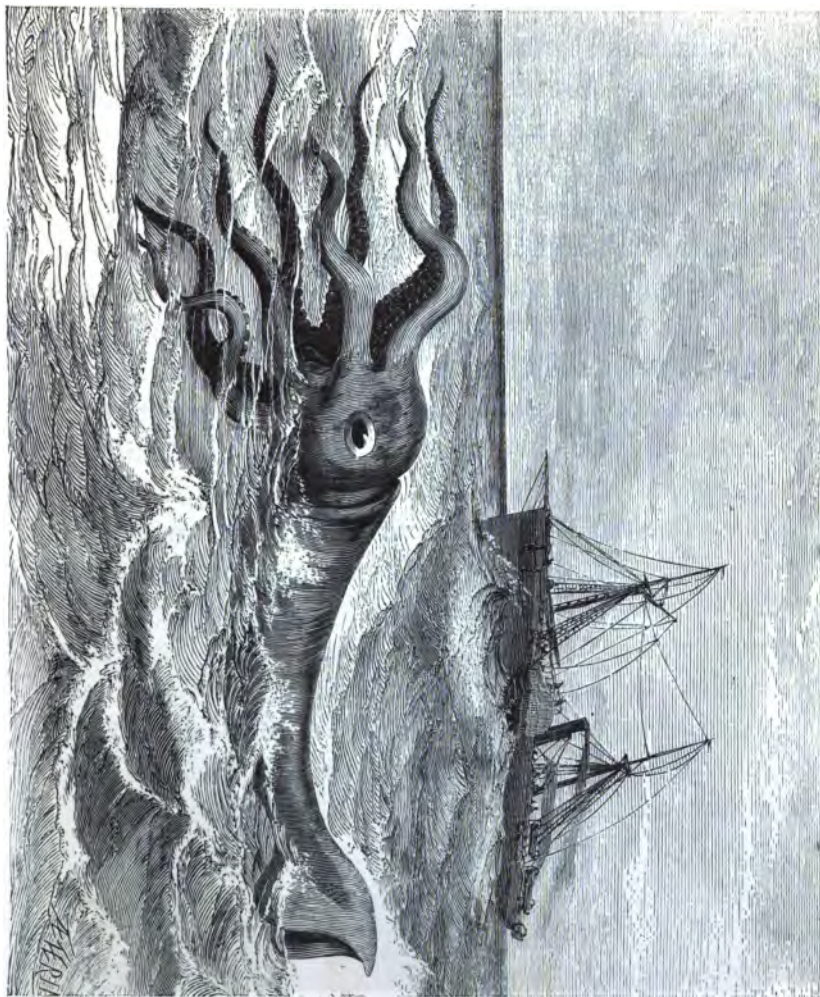
The curious little fellow I have told you about has legs and arms as thin as string, and they are all feathery-looking.

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.—III.

There is an ugly monster! It is called a devil-fish. But, ugly as it is, it has a kindly heart, at least for its own friends. Let me tell you a story that shows this.

There are some gigantic specimens of this kind of fish in the Mediterranean Sea, which the fishermen catch with harpoons; and sometimes, when they are not intending it, with nets. One day, when these men were fishing with their large nets for what they called tunny, a female devil-fish got entangled in the net, and was dragged by them to the shore, where she was left in the water in her net-prison for several days. Her husband-fish, who was by her when she got entangled and saw her captured, followed her all the way to the shore. Here he went round and round the net, trying to get to his beloved wife to set her free; but his efforts were all vain, and after two days he was found near the net, dead, having died of a broken heart.

THE DEVIL-FISH.



SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

These fishes are of enormous weight, the one captured weighed one thousand three hundred pounds. They are also of gigantic strength. Some fishermen once struck several harpoons into one—a harpoon, you know, is something like an arrow, made of iron, with a long rope at the end of it, which lies coiled up in the fisherman's boat.

The fisherman throws the harpoon, the spike of it sticks in the fish, and the rope keeps the fish near to the boat till the fish dies. Then it is either got into the boat or towed after it to the shore. This devil-fish was harpooned by eight harpoons, hurled by eight different fishermen from eight different boats. When he felt himself wounded, off he went out to sea, dragging all the eight boats and their crews of fishermen behind him for ten long miles, when one by one the eight cords broke and he got free; but, sad for him, poor fellow! with all the eight harpoons still sticking in him.

Let us hope that such a strong fellow would, at last, be able even to shake them out, and that the eight wounds they had made would soon heal up.



THE PIPER'S DOG AND WHAT IT DID FOR THE PIPER.

SANDY, the Piper, was returning home from a village feast where he had been playing his bagpipes, his faithful dog by his side. His way home lay across a wild, bleak moor, and the snow was falling.

As Sandy went on his journey the snow fell faster, the cold wind blew colder still, and, finally, the road was so covered with snow as not to be any longer distinguishable.

Sandy was weary with his long day's work and almost starved by the bitterness of the night; but he kept his face set towards the other side of the moor, where was his home, and he bravely trudged along. At length his limbs got almost too stiff with cold to move. His eyes were blinded with snow and wind, and, stumbling into a deep drift, he fell and could not get up again. He shouted for help, but that was no use, and his voice soon failed him. Then he gave himself up for lost and lay down to die. His dog stood at his side yelping above the howling wind, but the dog's cries were like his master's, of no avail. On that lonely moor there was no one near enough to hear them.

THE PIPER'S DOG AND WHAT IT DID FOR THE PIPER.

But this good dog did not, like its master, give up all as lost. Off it ran at full speed to the village they had left an hour before. There it found out the door of the house where its master had been playing his pipes, where it scratched and yelped and barked till the owner came out to drive it away.

But the dog would not go. At length the man, recognising whose dog it was, and seeing its strange look and strange conduct, guessed what it was all about. Calling a neighbour to join him, the man set off in the direction of the piper's home. There was no mistaking the satisfaction of the dog with this. The impression that its master was in danger, first given by its yelping and howling at the door, was confirmed by the bounding joy now shown at the prospect of his speedy release.

The three walked as quickly as the deep snow would permit, till the dog suddenly stopped where they found the piper cold, stiff, almost dead, and lifting him up, carried him back to their village, where they applied restoratives and a warm fire, afterwards a warm bed. In the morning all danger was past, and in a day or too, again, with his faithful dog by his side, he set off home, and the day being bright and clear, the old man reached it in safety—a living man, through the good feeling and good sense of his faithful dog.



JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

THERE! there! did you hear that?" said an excited thrush to its mate.

"Yes, indeed I did," replied the mate, more excited still. "What shall we do? There is nothing safe since that boy came into these quarters. He has killed more fathers and mothers and left more orphans in the bird-country than any one I ever knew."

This was what was said by two birds, frightened out of their wits by the sound of a gun which a very thoughtless boy of fourteen years of age had used every day for a fortnight, during his visit to his uncle, firing at every bird he could by any chance hit, and robbing every nest which he could by any means reach.

Just then, a blackbird that was passing, having heard the gun shot, and fearing to go on her way, turned into the bush where the thrush was thus speaking. A timid Jenny Wren alighted on it at the same time, for her nest was there, and a frightened robin came hastening up from the neighbouring nest, because he fancied he should be more out of the sight of the dreadful boy with the gun.

"Oh, what is to be done?" said Mr. Thrush. "I



THE BIRDS' MEETING.

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JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

have lost my sister, and my wife has lost two little nieces and a nephew, and who knows but it may be our turn next!"

"It is a cruel shame," said the blackbird. "What would boys think if *we* had guns, and went about shooting their fathers and mothers; or if we were big, and went about stealing their brothers and sisters, and filling all their homes with torn and bleeding hearts? What can we do?"

"Well," said the wren, "I'm a widow, and childless; what has become of my dear mate I cannot tell. He went out for my breakfast whilst I was sitting on our nest full of eggs, and he never came back again." Here poor Mrs. Wren burst into tears and could go no further. The fact was, ten days after her husband had been shot she herself just escaped with her life from the hand of the very same boy. He had found out the nest, climbed the tree, and had taken and broken all her eggs just before they would have been hatched. She had herself seen the broken shells lying on the side of the road, and close by, the little birds that were within them cold and dead.

"Well," said the robin, "I have an idea. I'll go to that boy's bedroom—I know where he sleeps, and the window is open all day,—I'll go in and hide among the



JUSTIN WITH HIS GUN.

JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

curtains till he has gone to sleep, then I'll whisper in his ear and make him dream—I'll not tell you what."

The boy's name was Justin. Was it not very strange that a name for him should have had anything about "just" in it? For he not only shot birds in summer, he trapped them in winter. When they were hungry he sprinkled crumbs under a basket, which he propped up with a stick. He had a string to the stick, and when the birds went under the basket to get the crumbs he pulled the stick away, the basket fell, and the poor birds were prisoners. He soon killed them. He shot at hares and rabbits—indeed, at anything that he could kill. He was a thoughtless, perhaps a cruel boy.

Next day, Justin came down-stairs looking pale.

"What's the matter? How ill you look!" exclaimed his aunt.

"Oh, I've had such a horrid dream!"

"Dream! What about?"

"Oh! I went into the orchard to get an apple, and the moment I put out my hand to reach one, every apple on the tree turned into caterpillars and grubs; and they dropped on to me, and crawled on my clothes and on my face, and on my hands, and were everywhere wherever I stepped, and I was quite ill. It was dreadful. Then, as I was passing the plum-tree, I thought I

JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

would have a plum, for the plums were all right; but as soon as I touched one all the plums turned to wasps, and they all came and stung me! They got into my hair, and up my sleeves, and down my neck, and into my trousers, and into my shoes, and stung me till I howled with pain. And, as I went through the flower-garden, all kinds of insects flew about me, and all kinds of lice crept over me,



JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

and wherever I trod there were snails; and snails crawled under my clothes. They made me feel sick, and the flies buzzed in thousands, and bothered me and bit me till I was nearly mad. Then I tried to get back into the house, but before me there stood a



THE HARE JUSTIN SHOT.

big, fat, yellow caterpillar as big as myself, a horrid thing! and a wasp nearly as big as the caterpillar, and a big earwig nearly as big as the wasp, and a centipede longer than any of them, and a big fly that looked at me with so many eyes that I had to look

JUSTIN AND THE BIRDS' MEETING.

away. And the big, fat, yellow caterpillar spoke and said—

“‘Sir, I am the King of the Caterpillars. The thanks of my kingdom to you.’

“‘And the thanks of mine,’ said the wasp; ‘I am the Queen of the Wasps.’

“‘And of ours,’ said the earwig and the centipede.

“‘And of mine,’ said the fly.

“‘You know what to destroy,’ said the caterpillar; ‘you are a wise man. Gardens and orchards were made for us, and not for birds. A few more wise heads like yours, and the world is ours. We have got a palace for you, when you die, in the grubs’ heaven.’”

At this, Justin turned over in bed and awoke, glad it was only a dream.

Next day he went out without a gun, and robbed no more birds’ nests; for his dream had taught him what useful creatures birds were. And the bird-world was happy. At a second bird meeting the robin received a unanimous vote of thanks.



THE ELEPHANT.

THE east is where the sun seems to come from in the morning when it rises. And far away in the east there is a land which is called India. Now there lives in India a huge animal which perhaps you have never seen, but of which you have probably heard, called the elephant. It lives also in Africa.

In India the woods in which it lives are called jungles. There it is quite wild, travelling about just as it likes. But the Hindoos, the people who live in India, catch it and tame it, and train it to work. They train it to do the work of a horse.

Elephants which have been tamed, though of such an enormous size, are very gentle, and though so strong, are very kind. When they are kindly treated they love their keepers, and are as faithful as they are useful beasts.

The elephant driver sits on the elephant's head, between his ears. Then, the gentleman who rides out on it sits in his carriage upon the top of its back.

What would you think to see a driver sitting up between the horse's ears, and the cab and the people in



THE ELEPHANT AT HOME.

THE ELEPHANT.

it, not on wheels behind the horse, but without wheels, up on the horse's back? That would look exceedingly strange.

But the elephant is such a huge animal, that it looks quite natural and right to see him carrying his driver and carriage, and the people in it, instead of drawing them.

I have heard some pleasant stories of elephants. I will tell you one or two.

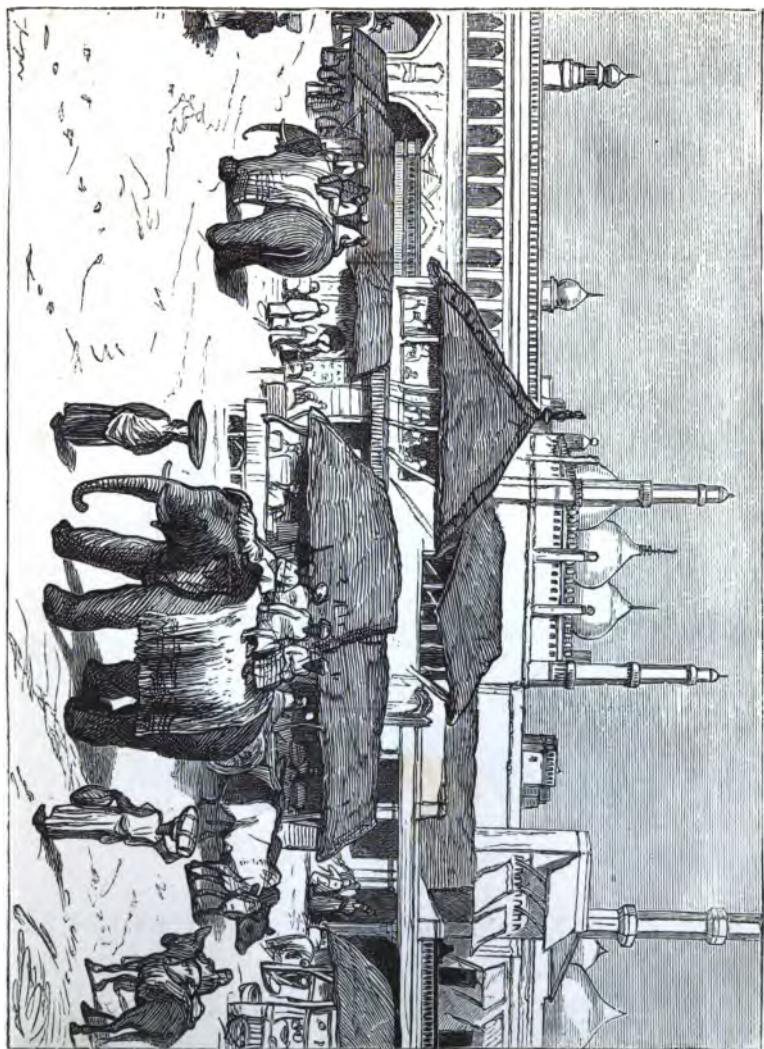
Once a driver was unkind to an elephant, so the elephant punished him. How do you think he did it? Of course the powerful animal could with one blow have killed the driver; but he did not do that.

He took him up in his trunk and walked off with him to a pool of water, and there he gave him a ducking. He ducked him once, and then he ducked him again, and then again.

When he had ducked his cruel driver three times he put him down, and looked at him, as much as to say, "Now behave better, will you? or I'll punish you again."

Here is another story showing the kindly spirit which is in these noble beasts.

There was a prince in India who was once riding out on his elephant. The road was narrow, and at one place

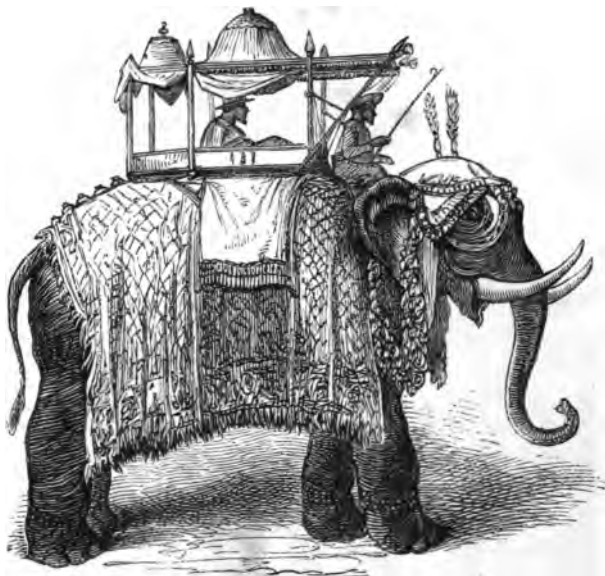


A STREET IN AN INDIAN TOWN.

THE ELEPHANT.

in it lay a poor sick man who was too ill and weak to get out of the way.

Now when the animal came up to the place where the sick man lay he stood still. Then the prince, being a



RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT.

cruel prince, bade him go on, and the driver struck him with an iron rod to make him do so.

But the kind animal knew better than to tread on a man. He knew that his great weight would crush the

THE ELEPHANT.

poor man to death. The prince again commanded the beast to go on, and again and again the driver struck him. But he would not go on.

At last, as neither the prince nor the driver would get down to lift the poor sick man out of the way, the elephant himself took hold of him with his trunk, and, as gently as he could, lifted him up and laid him down again in a place of safety. After that, the kind beast went on his way.

Many similar stories are told of elephants, which for gentleness, kindness, and sense, would do honour even to the best of men.

Sometimes elephants will take a broom in their trunks and sweep out a yard. They are often employed to take care of little children, and are as kind to them as loving nurses. How very good and noble it seems for such a great beast to be kind and tender to a little child !



TED AND HIS SISTERS.

THAT man sitting down on the other side of the counter, there, is a jeweller. He lives in Madras, a town in India. The two men standing on this side of the counter and leaning against it are sailors. They have come all the way from England to Madras, and are now in the jeweller's shop to buy something, before going back again to their home and friends in England.

And for whom do you think they are buying something? For themselves, do you suppose? Do kind people think only of themselves? Don't they think most of others? Well, it is quite certain that one of these sailors was not buying for himself. The young man in the front is the one I mean. His name is Ted Lawrence—at least, he is always called Ted, but his full name is Alfred Edward.

Ted has two sisters, both older than himself, and they are very, very dear to him. His mother, and theirs, died some years ago; and she had taught her children to love one another. Ted was noble and brave and gentle to his sisters, and his sisters were noble, and brave, and gentle to Ted. One sister was called Margaret and the other Mabel. If Ted loved one better than another, it was Mabel, for she was delicate. He



TED BUYING THE PRESENTS.

TED AND HIS SISTERS.

dearly loved them both, but, perhaps, he loved Mabel a tiny little bit the most. When at sea, he wrote letters to his sisters in turn; but the kindest words were to be found in Mabel's letters.

There you see the two sisters are rejoicing over a letter from Madras, which tells them that Ted is coming home as fast as the winds will bring his ship over the sea. The letter was to "Mab, my love and queen." Mabel read it, and then took it to Margaret, and Margaret read it, and loved her brother more because he was so glad to be coming home. Ted did not tell that he was bringing presents for each of his sisters. But he had two very handsome ones. For one he had a locket, and for the other a bracelet. The bracelet cost a little the most; so that was for his delicate sister, Mab.

It was a happy day when Ted's letter came, but it was a still happier one when Ted himself came bouncing into the room, and threw his strong arms round his loving sisters.

Ted was liked everywhere. People did not know *why* it was that they liked him so, but they *did* like him—yes, very much. I believe the reason why was just because he had such a fine, brave, and gentle heart. All boys grow up to be liked, who are tender to their sisters and gentle to all women.



TED'S SISTERS, MABEL AND MARGARET.
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MR. MOXON'S SHEPHERD.

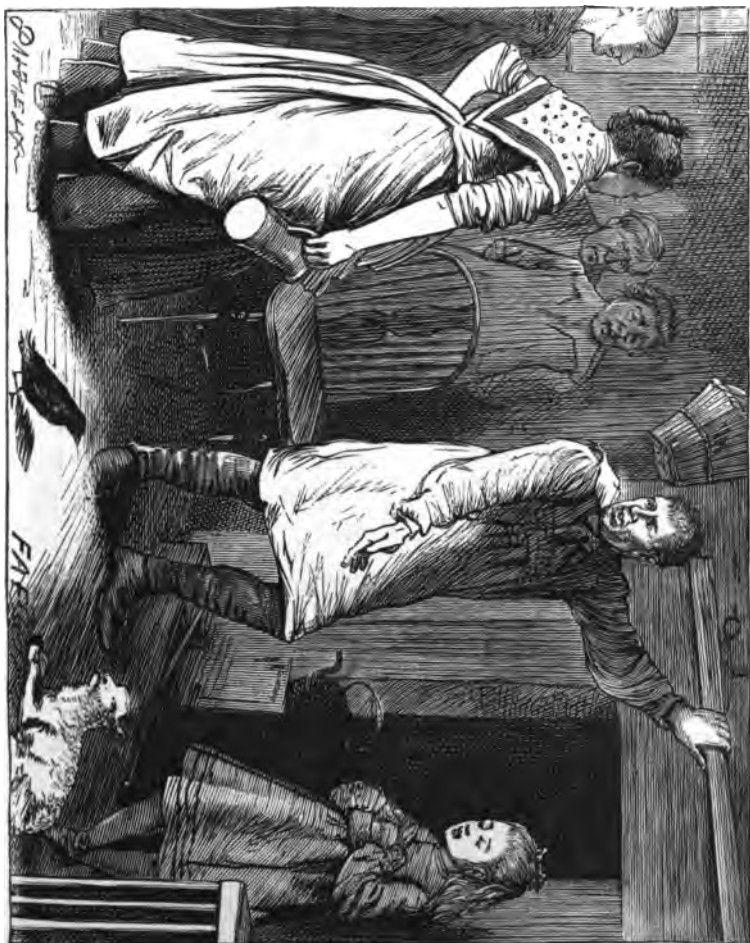
THIS is a picture of Mr. Moxon's shepherd, in Mr. Moxon's kitchen, with the servants all round him talking to him, and Lizzy Moxon listening to what they are all saying. "You are always bringing some lumber or other into one's cleaned-up places," said the kitchen-maid, in a great state of excitement.

"Lumber! Do you call that lumber?—a living work of the Great Maker of us all—lumber! How can you find in your heart to call a poor little orphan thing like that, lumber?" exclaimed the indignant shepherd.

"Well, it's lumber in a kitchen. God made sheep for fields, say I, not for folk's cleaned-up kitchens. Everything's right when it's in its right place."

"In its right place? Yes, that's right; but snowed-up fields isn't the right place for a motherless lamb. A cleaned-up kitchen is all very well, but a kind heart, I take it, is a good deal better."

And the kitchen-maid began to feel so too, and said no more against the shivering little orphan lamb, lying by her nice warm fire, even though its wet soiled little woolly body did leave dirty marks on the nicely-whitened hearth-stone.



"LUMBER! DO YOU CALL THAT LUMBER?"

MR. MOXON'S SHEPHERD.

When the old shepherd brought the lamb into the house, it was nearly dead with hunger and cold. Its poor mother had died, and it could not get any milk, and there was no warm, woolly bed to press up to, out of the bitter wind. But now it was beginning to revive, and to look about it.

Lizzy was delighted with the idea of having a little lamb to pet. She thought how nice it would be to be a little mother to it.

The shepherd's heart was a very large one. He had once found a poor jackdaw, which had fallen out of its mother's nest, and was too weak to fly back again. So he picked it up, brought it home, and reared it with great tenderness. It could fly now, but it did not want to go away. It was very happy in its little way, and grateful to its kind friend. During all the talk of the maid and the shepherd about the miserable little lamb, it had kept up a constant "Jack, Jack," as if to remind the speakers that it, too, was once perishing, and that it had been saved by the kind shepherd.

The maid was not really unkind, but she spoke before she thought—a thing many people do; and when they do so, everybody—themselves amongst the rest—is sure to regret it.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. FOX AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

LOOK at me, boys and girls ! Do you know who I am ? You don't know ! Well, then, I will tell you. I am Mr. Fox.

Look at my pointed nose and sharp eyes. See what



MR. FOX.

a grand tail I've got—how bushy it is ! My coat is very warm, and smooth, and soft.

I can run. I think I could beat you all at running.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. FOX AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Keep all dogs away, will you, please? dogs and I are not very friendly. I feel much better when they are not near.

Dogs always put me into such a fluster when I am far from home. My house is up in yonder wood.

It is underground, beneath the roots of a fine old oak tree. It is such a snug little room, and has a passage leading to it from the open air above.

When I am at home, I can hear the dogs without fear. They cannot get to me there. You know I have very sharp ears, although they are not so very big.

I live on wild birds and on rabbits.

People say I look very cunning. Well, perhaps I do. You must know that my food is at times so scarce, and so hard to catch, that I have to play all sorts of tricks to obtain it.

I get so very hungry that sometimes, I am sorry to say, I have to steal a hen or duck from a farmer's yard, and the farmer sets all kind of traps to catch me.

I will tell you of a narrow escape from being caught by a farmer that I had just last week, when I was at his yard.

I had been without food for some days. I had tried all manner of tricks to catch a hare or plump partridge,



THE HOME OF THE FOX.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. FOX AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

and failed. So I was compelled to visit the farm-yard.

It was midnight, and I knew the fowls were roosting in the barn. I silently climbed a tree, crawled to the end of a branch, and dropped down on to the roof. I crept through a hole in the thatch, and found myself on a beam not very far from the hens.

My mouth began to water. As I was about to seize a fine fat bird, the beam gave way and I fell to the floor.

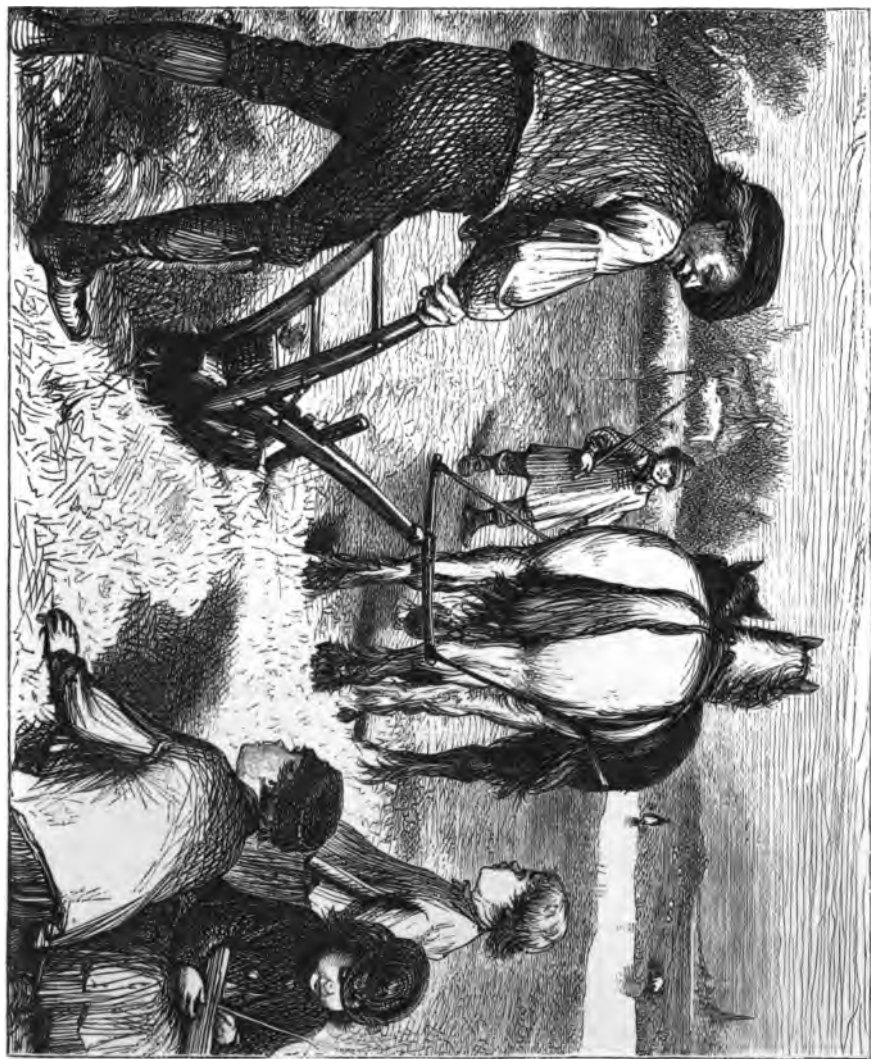
The cunning farmer, having found out the way I got in before, sawed nearly through the beam, so that it would fall with the least weight upon it.

I rushed about, but could find no outlet. The windows were securely closed, and when I attempted to climb the sides of the barn, I tumbled back again and hurt myself the more.

There was no place to hide in, for the corn had been taken to the market the day before. After a time I heard the farmer stirring in the house. I trembled with fear.

I looked up, and, as the day was breaking, I noticed from what a great height I had fallen. I wondered the fall did not kill me.

Happy thought! The farmer would not be surprised



THE FARMER TELLING CHILDREN ABOUT SLY MR. FOX.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. FOX AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

to find that the fall *had* killed me. So I determined to feign death. I heard the farmer coming across the yard, and I lay stretched out on the floor.

Mr. Jones entered; I watched him out of the corners of my eyes. He at once saw me, and smiled.

“Hallo, Reynard! I have caught you at last, have I?” said he. “I fancy the fall was rather too much for you.”

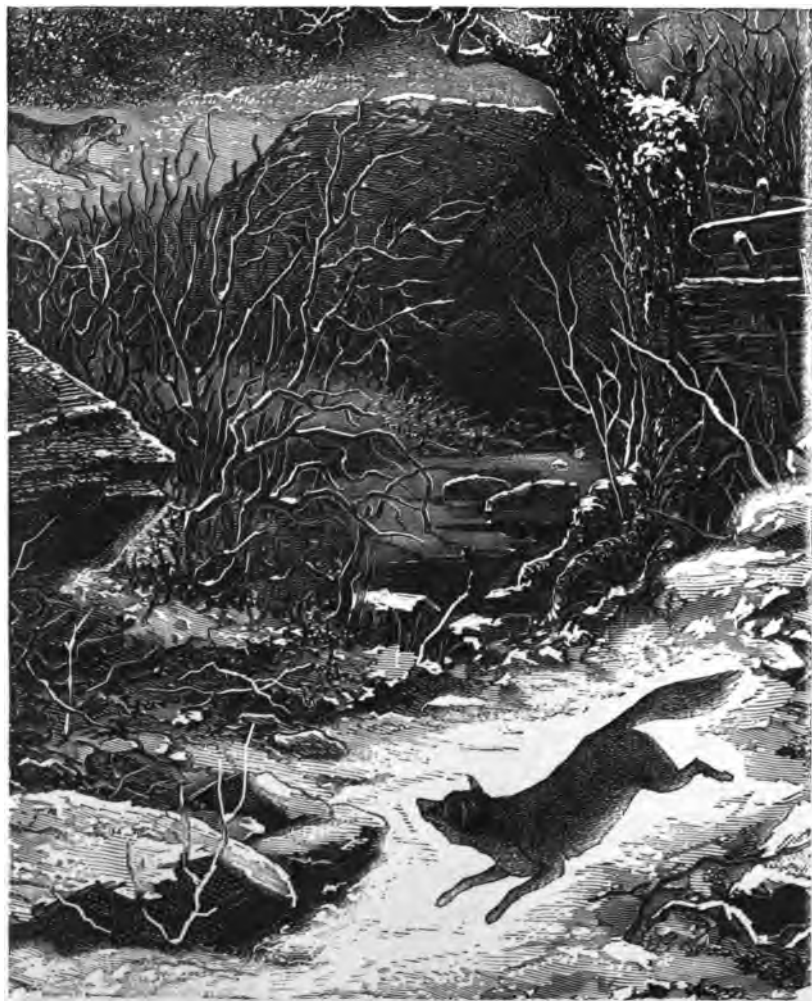
He lifted me by the tail and threw me out of the barn on the top of a dung-heap.

Hurrah! As soon as his back was turned, I jumped up and scampered off to the woods as fast as I could go; and I don't think he will catch me there again.

The farmer told many little children about my clever escape, and I dare say some of them thought they should like to be as clever as I am; but let no one imitate me.

I am a warning to the dishonest. I am not loved by either man or dog; I am hated and hunted by both. I sometimes wish I were dead.





"I AM HUNTED BY BOTH."



SANDY STONE, THE HELMSMAN.

TH**ERE** is Alexander Stone, or, as he was generally called, Sandy Stone, the helmsman of the good ship *Mary Stone*, of Grimsby. She is coming home laden with fish from the northern seas.

Mary Stone is the name of Sandy's wife, and it is the name, too, of his eldest child—a little girl of ten years of age, who makes herself useful in her home, and is a capital scholar at school.



SANDY AT THE HELM.

SANDY STONE, THE HELMSMAN.

Mary often thinks of her father when he is at sea, and it is her great joy to have to show her copy-books to her father when he comes home, and to hear her mother tell him how useful she has been, in tidying up the house and running errands, and how she is just beginning to sew a little, and promises to be very neat and quick with her needle.

Sandy has only three children : one is a boy, and he is the baby ; the other is a little girl of two-and-a-half, her name is Amelia : she is called after her grandmother. Once he had another Amelia ; but one hot summer, when poor Sandy was away at sea, she died ; and at the same time, a little brother called Sandy died too. When their father went to sea that summer, he kissed all three children—Mary, Amelia, and Sandy—and they were all quite well ; but when he came back again, both Amelia and Sandy were dead and buried. Poor father ! he was very sad that they had died without his having a last kiss and a parting word. But Sandy expected that God would take care of his two little pets, and let him see them some day in heaven, where there is “no more sea.”

He is a kind man, and is just now wondering, as he steers his ship, whether he shall find Mary, and Amelia, and baby, and wife all well. He often thinks of them

THE OLD MAN AND HIS MULE.

when he is on the stormy deep, and asks God to take care of them for him.

We are glad to know that when he got on shore, he found all his dear ones alive and very well.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS MULE.

THIS is an old man who has with him a fine mule, which he has owned and loved for many years. He is now travelling in the middle of a desert, in which he can find no house for himself to rest in; and the desert is covered with snow, so that he can find no grass for his mule to eat.

The old man was very hungry, very tired, and very cold. But as the mule was very hungry, very tired, and very cold too, the kind old man would not ride on it any longer. So he got off the faithful animal, and walked by its side; but neither the old man nor his mule were now able to walk very far. Soon they were both obliged to stand still. Then they

THE OLD MAN AND HIS MULE.

both became so faint, that they had to lean against each other to keep themselves from falling to the ground.

At last they could stand up no longer, and both fell down on the cold snow. There they lay, close against each other, and were nearly dead, when a man who came past saw them, and in pity fetched them



THE HOUSE "NOT FAR AWAY."

both something to eat from a house that he knew of not far away. When they had eaten, the old man and his mule revived and walked to the house, where they both found a night's snug lodgings and plenty to eat. The next day the two loving friends went on their journey, and arrived all safe at home.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS MULE.

THE CUCKOO.

“OH, listen!” said Mr. Lawrence to Lucy Lawrence, as they sat amid the ferns in the wood to which they had taken a walk one bright spring morning. “Oh, listen! that is the cuckoo!”

“Yes, I know the voice of the cuckoo,” said Lucy. “It is so pleasant to hear it. When the cuckoo comes, spring is near, and oh! I do like spring so much! Happy birds, bright flowers, and warm days come with the cuckoo. Don’t they, papa?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Lawrence; “but the cuckoo’s voice is the only nice thing about the cuckoo. It is a very lazy bird. It will not build a nest for itself like other birds. And it is a very bad mother.”

“Is it?” said Lucy, with great surprise.

“Indeed it is,” replied her papa. “Like other birds, the cuckoo lays its eggs, and from its eggs come the young cuckoos; but it does not nurse them, it does not feed them, it never even sees them. It does not at all care for them. What do you think it does? It lays its eggs in other birds’ nests, then leaves them there for other birds to hatch, and when they are hatched it never comes again, even to have only a peep at its young”

"LISTEN!" SAID MR. LAWRENCE TO LUCY.



THE CUCKOO.

“Never comes to peep at them !” exclaimed Lucy.

“No, never. They are reared with the young of the poor birds in whose nests the eggs have been laid, and these birds have to feed them. Now the cuckoo is a large bird, and it sometimes happens that its egg is laid in a small bird’s nest. When the eggs are all hatched,



THE CUCKOO FINDING A NEST FOR ITS EGG.

the bird from the cuckoo’s egg is much bigger than the rest, takes more room, and eats more food than they do. And the little birds don’t like it, and scream and flutter about to drive it away.”

“Then does the little birds’ mother turn the big bird out ?” inquired Lucy.

THE STAG'S COMPLAINT.

"Oh no ; it does the best it can for them all. I once saw a hedge-sparrow bringing a worm to its nest. There were four little hedge-sparrows in it, and one little cuckoo, as big as all the little hedge-sparrows put together, bigger even than the little mother-bird itself. The little ones were her own children, and the big one was the child of the lazy cuckoo ; but she gave them all a turn, for it was not by the young cuckoo's own fault that it was there. I pitied the poor little hedge-sparrows, with such a big and very greedy brother.

THE STAG'S COMPLAINT.

"**W**HAT a strangely cruel creature man is," said a noble stag that had just escaped from men pursuing it with dogs and guns. "How is it that, so sensitive to pain himself, he is so ready to give pain to animals like me. He will fight bravely to defend the life of his fellow-countrymen, but me he never sees without wishing that he had a gun to kill me with, or, if he has one, taking a deadly aim, and firing a bullet into me. He loves his own wife, yet steals from

THE STAG'S COMPLAINT.

me mine; nay, kills her at my side. He is wild if men rob him of his children, yet he robs me of my children. How he can find it in his heart to do such things astonishes me!

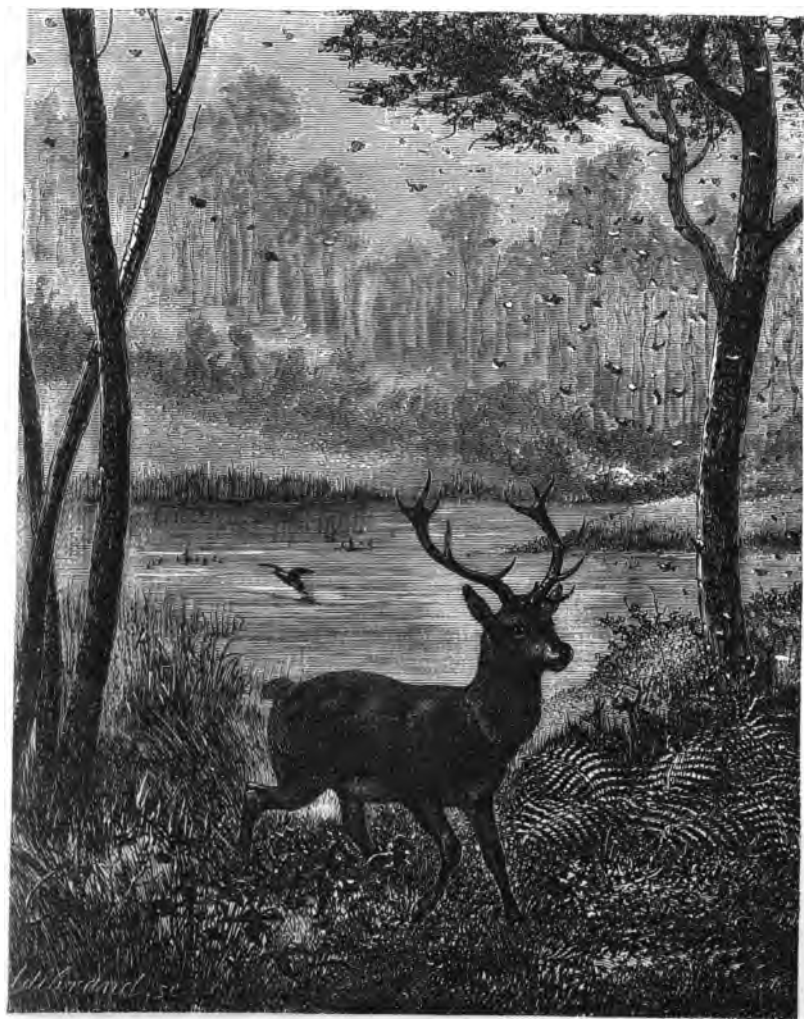
“What would he think if I had the dogs instead of him, and trained them to tear his flesh as he trains them to tear mine? How would he like it, if I had the gun, instead of him?—if I loved the sport of hunting and shooting down him and his family, as he hunts and shoots down me and mine? What would men say if they saw me carrying their neighbours dead to my mountain home?

“This world is a sweet, fair world! Life is a joyous, a grand experience! Family loves are supremely blissful. To stags, as well as to men, ‘There is no place like home.’ But man spoils all—world, life, loves, home. He sprinkles the fair world with blood; he cuts off life in its prime; family loves, he takes pleasure in bereaving; happy homes, he makes sad and desolate. That poet of his who says—

‘Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile’—

might have been a stag, he is so true.

“May God forgive man, and change his heart.”



THE HUNTED STAG.



FAITHFUL OLD NEPTUNE.

WHO FOUND LOST CHARLIE?

THERE were a man and his wife who lived in a cottage close by a wood. They sometimes went into this wood to gather sticks to burn in their fire.

They had a grandchild living with them, a little boy named Charlie. Often when they went out they left Charlie in the house alone; so they kept a dog, called Neptune, to take care of him.

Now Charlie and the dog became very good friends, and Charlie was quite as safe with his dog to guard him as when his grandfather and grandmother were at home.

When Charlie could walk pretty well, he used to go with his grandparents into the wood, where they went to gather sticks. There he played about whilst they worked.



CHARLIE'S GRANDPARENTS.

WHO FOUND LOST CHARLIE.

One day Charlie, playing about, went too far, and lost himself; his grandparents could not find him anywhere. They looked and shouted till it was dark. Then they went home hoping to find him there; but he was not there.

Then they went out with lights and did everything they could to find him, but it was all in vain. So they went home again to wait till morning.

When they sat down to supper, the dog put his paws up upon the table and stole a lump of bread and bounded out of the door, and that night they did not see him again.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, the sad couple got up to search again for the lost child.

As soon as they had opened the door, the dog came in, stole more bread, and set off again, just as he had done the night before.

The man and his wife searched till breakfast-time, but without finding Charlie. Then they returned home to breakfast, when the dog again stole something from the table.

Then the man thought that the dog's conduct was very strange, and it struck him that the dog *might* be taking the bread to Charlie.

So he got up, followed the dog through bushes and

MRS. OPOSSUM AND FAMILY.

narrow paths to the place where it went, and there, at last, he found his lost boy.

Charlie was sitting on the ground eating the very slice of bread which faithful old Neptune had just stolen from his master's table.



OUT FOR A WALK.

MRS. OPOSSUM AND FAMILY.

HERE is a queer little party—a mother and her little family out for a walk! Some of the family are on their mother's back. Look in what a strange way they hold themselves on!

See how those tiny little tails are twisted round that

MRS. OPOSSUM AND FAMILY.

bigger tail ! how nicely too the mother bends it on purpose for them !

There is one little fellow just getting up—you see how he climbs. He first twists the tip of his own tail round his mother's, and then, with a pull and a spring, he lifts himself up and is safely mounted for a ride.

When all are ready, off goes the clever little mother, galloping and leaping for a long, long way. You would have to be a very good runner to keep up with her. All the while the little ones keep a tight hold with their tails, and are safe and happy.

At length the mother catches a bird or a rabbit, when down the little family leaps and enjoys its breakfast. Breakfast finished, the little folks mount again and the family trots off home.

The name of this little animal is the Opossum. It is not found in England, but far away in the forests of America. It is about the size of a large cat.

This little creature is very cunning, and can sham well. When pressed for food, it will visit farmyards, rob a hen or a chicken from the henroost, and race away with it to the little pets at home.

But this is not always safe work. Sometimes the farmer catches the little creature at its theft. Then he

LONELY BESSY AND HER FRIEND.

beats it and kicks it till it looks dead, quite dead, and then he throws it into the ditch.

But all the while the clever little rogue is only shamming to be dead. As soon as the farmer is gone, it slowly opens its eyes, quietly peeps about to see if anybody is near, and then, if all is right, up it jumps and off it goes to its home in the woods again.

LONELY BESSY AND HER FRIEND.

BESSY was a little visitor at her aunt's. Bessy's aunt lived on a high, rough mountain.

Very few people ever came past the house, and fewer still ever came to it. And Bessy's aunt lived in her house alone.

Bessy's aunt was always busy, and sometimes Bessy helped her aunt. But very often poor Bessy had nothing to do. At such times she felt very lonely, for she had no friend to play with. Her aunt had a few books, but she could not be always reading books.

So Bessy went out on the mountain and gathered flowers, and whilst she gathered them she often saw a goat. It had two horns, a long beard, and a coat of long hair, and was all pure, glossy white.

LONELY BESSY AND HER FRIEND.

The first thing poor Bessy felt was a desire to make friends with it; but it was very timid and would not let her come near to it.

But Bessy said to herself, "Oh, I do wish that that goat would let me love it. I'll try to make it do so." So afterwards she took out with her in her pocket some bread, to coax it to let her love it.

Now all creatures like kindness, and the goat soon came to like Bessy because of her kindness.

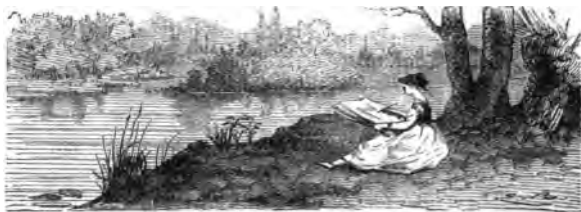
At first the goat would not let her come near, so she threw the bread to it. Then it would let her come nearer, and at last it would come to meet her and let her go quite up to it. It used to eat the bread, and it liked that. It looked up into her face, and it liked the loving look in her eyes; and it listened to her voice, and it liked its sweet soft tones.

At length Bessy won the goat's friendship. Then she went out every fine day to see it and to stroke and pat it, and talk to it.

So now Bessy was no longer lonely. When she had finished her little work for her aunt, she would go out and play with her new friend, and many a happy day did they spend romping together.

So you see that no one who has a kind heart need be without friends. Love makes friends anywhere.





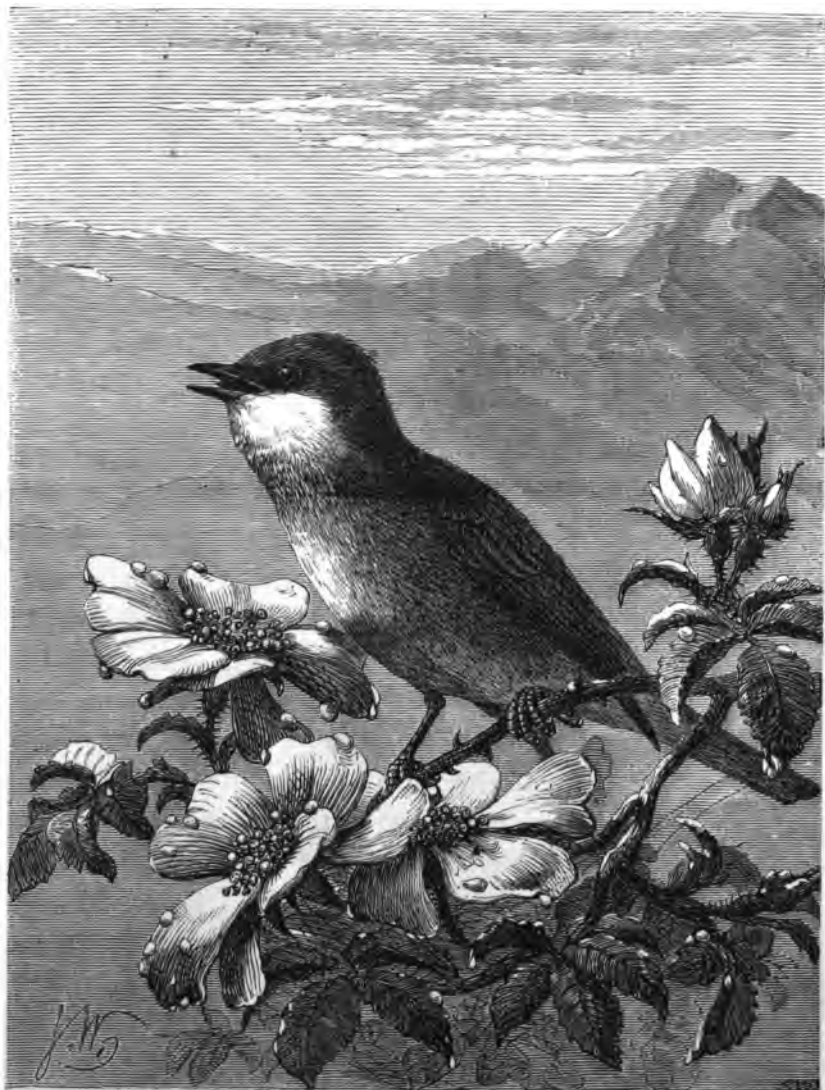
A BIRD ON A ROSE-TREE BRANCH.

THERE hopped a bird on a rose-tree branch,
And it sang up to the sky.
There seemed to be no one there to hear,
So I asked the reason why.

“No one to hear!” quick the bird exclaimed;
“Your thought must be somehow wrong.
The God of heaven; He is everywhere,
'Tis to Him that I sing my song.

“God sees, God hears; surely that's enough
For a bird its best to do.
My Maker's joy is the end I seek.
Is it not so with you?”

And so it was; I a lesson learnt,
And found the good reason why
The little bird on the rose-tree branch
Sang merrily to the sky.



"ON A ROSE-TREE BRANCH."

THE WOODPECKER.

THE woodpecker is an extremely singular bird. His coat is of many colours, mostly dark-green mixed with black and scarlet, white and yellow. He is rather large, very strong, very clever, and very sly. His home is the trees ; indeed, the tree is his home, his garden, his workshop, his all in all.

To select a tree where he will live, he drums on it with his beak to find out whether it is hollow in its centre or not. He knows when the tree is hollow by the sound.

A hollow tree found, he and his partner set to work to make a hole through the outside of the tree to the hollow within. This they do with their bills, which are very sharp and very hard. They peck at the hole by turns.

This work they finish in a wonderfully short time. Whilst it is being done, so fast do their pecking bills go, that no one can count the strokes. They thump away with such speed and force that the wood is ground to powder. And so the tree is their workshop.

When they have made their passage into the interior hollow of the tree, they then go to work to make there a nest, where they may lay their eggs and rear their

THE WOODPECKER.

young, all safe from cruel boys, and snug from storms.
And so the tree becomes their home.

But though you may often hear the sound made by these busy little workers, you rarely see the little workers themselves. When they hear a footstep they



THE WOODPECKER.

glide softly round to hide on the other side of the tree or branch. They will just bend their little heads round far enough to peep at you, but not far enough for you to peep at them. They are much too sly to let you know where they are.

Amongst the trees where he lives, the woodpecker

THE REINDEER.

does excellent work. Insects that would kill the trees, he kills and eats. These he pecks out of the holes which they make in the trees. So that the woodpecker is a wood-pecker in order to make his home, and a wood-pecker in order to get his living.

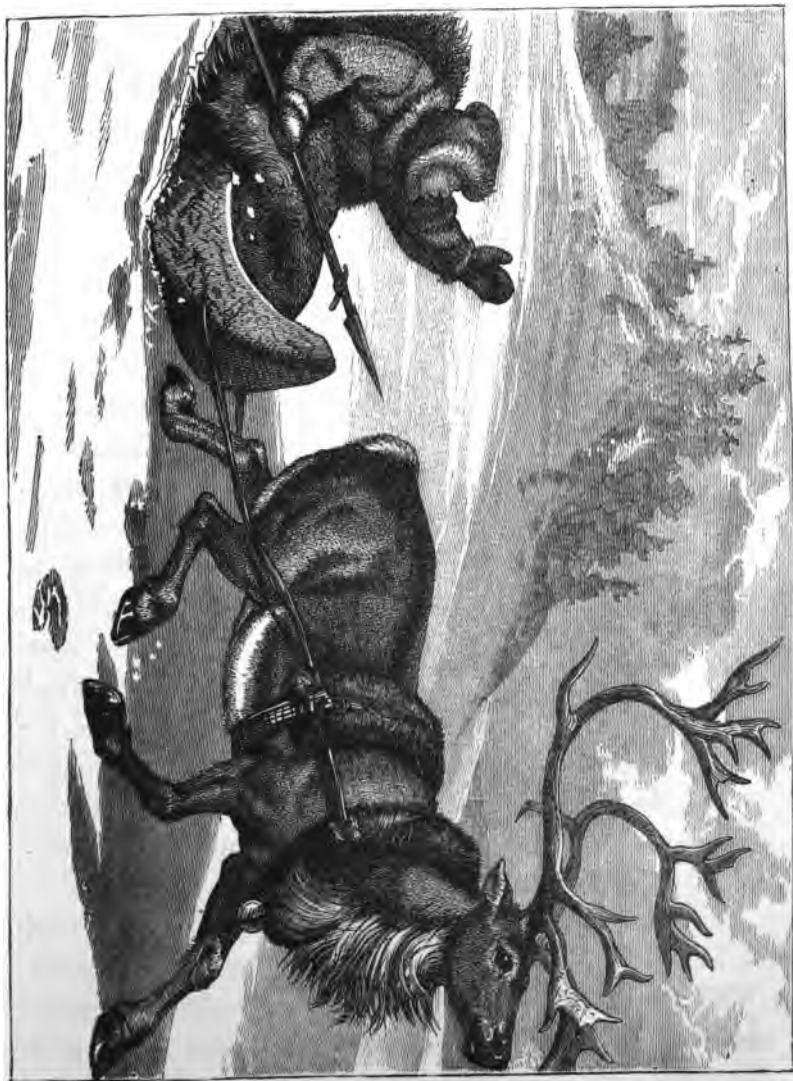
THE REINDEER.

HAPPY is the brave Laplander, as with his reindeer—the horse of his snowy world—he goes abroad in his sledge. There he is. Listen to him sing !

Away we go
Over the snow !
Bitter the cold that the north winds blow ;
In fur-coat, tight,
In sledge, so light,
Swiftly and snug, in the moonlight night,
Away we go
Over the snow !

Let us have a quiet talk about the reindeer. Lap-land is a poor country, almost as poor a country as

“AWAY THEY GO, OVER THE SNOW.”



THE REINDEER.

an Arabian desert. For much of the year, indeed, it is a desert—a desert of snow. And just as the camel is such a treasure to the people living in Arabian sand-deserts, so is the reindeer a treasure to the people living in the Lapland snow-desert.

Let me tell you something which will show what a treasure it is. It gives milk, and its milk there is what cows' milk is here. What would little Lapland babies and young children do without milk? Where would be their "pobs" at breakfast, where their puddings at dinner? Then its milk makes so many things which others besides the little folks like. Where would be the butter and the cheese without milk? Then its flesh is like beef, and even ham. What would the Laplander do without the meat supplied by the reindeer? Its skin makes many things—tents and coats and bed-coverings and sledges. It is their horse, too, for everything that is pulled in Lapland, which horses would do if they were there, the reindeer pulls; and it has travelled one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours.

The reindeer costs very little to keep. If it wanted dainty fare it would have to die, for Lapland has none. When the snow is on the ground, it bravely routs about with its nose till it uncovers a little moss, and with

THE REINDEER.

moss for its food and the snow which is on the moss for its drink, it makes its frugal meal.

Some would say the reindeer is not a handsome animal, but that can only refer to his looks. If "handsome is that handsome does," then the reindeer has few who excel him. Anyway, his master counts his wealth not by golden sovereigns, but by the number of his reindeer. And of all the services which the faithful beast renders to his master the crown is the pleasure he gives when—

Away they go
Over the snow!
Bitter the cold that the north winds blow;
In fur-coat, tight,
In sledge, so light,
Swiftly and snug, in the moonlight night,
Away they go
Over the snow!



THE GLEANER.

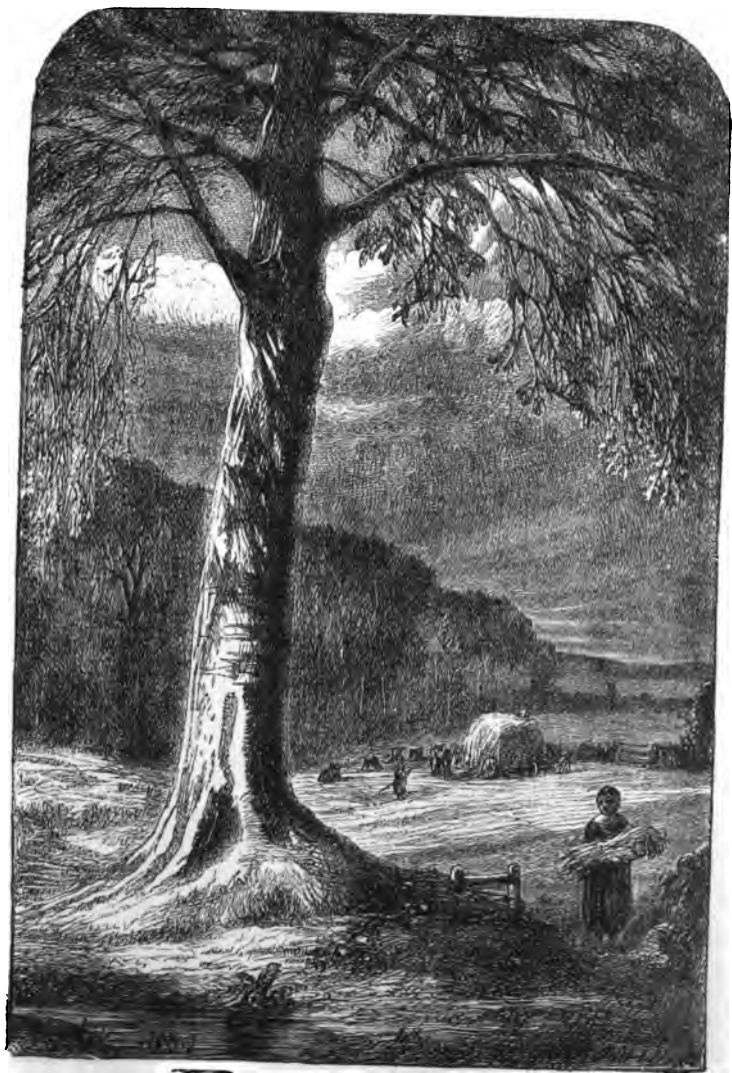
BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,
To play and to idle and chat ;
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

“ Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and warm you must be !
Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree ? ”

“ Oh no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit ;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

“ Then, could I be merry, and idle and play,
While they are so hungry and ill ?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.”



MARY GOING HOME.



THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

HERE we have a pretty picture of a young lady looking earnestly at a little bird, and the little bird, instead of flying away, appears to be talking, its tiny beak half open ; near at hand is a small cottage. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand the picture.

A poor woman lived in that small cottage, near to a village, and had to work very hard for her daily bread, sitting up late at night and rising early in the morning, almost stitching away her poor fingers to the bone. One day she had been to the village for work, and as she was coming home very tired and hungry, with only sixpence in her pocket, she saw a naughty boy teasing a poor



"THE LADY LISTENS."

THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

little bird; her tender heart pitied it so much that she offered the cruel boy her last sixpence for it.

Try to imagine what it must be to go without your dinner after a long tiring walk! but this poor woman would rather be hungry than leave the poor bird with the cruel boy. So she took it home with her and put it into an old cage, and presently it thanked her by a sweet song. Soon she allowed it to fly about her poor room and perch on her head and shoulders, while she sat at work; then it grew so tame that it actually kissed her with its tiny beak. But, alas! one day the poor weary woman could sew no longer, but faint and ill sank down on the floor almost dying. The dear little bird tried to revive her with its sweet loving song, but in vain; until at length, fluttering its wings and ruffling its feathers with fear, it flew out of the window uttering a piercing cry for help. Surely some one will understand. Many, alas! pass by unheeding; but at last the dear lady we see in the picture listens to the pitiful cry, wonders what can be its meaning, and follows the bird to the poor cottage. There she finds the fainting woman, who, with warm food and tender care, soon revives. The little bird has saved her life. Now she is never hungry and cold; for kind friends hearing the pretty story send her plenty of work.

DICK AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

“**W**HO is that looking through the window? Go away! You are not wanted here. You can’t come here.” Thus spoke a little bird, in little bird language.

The little bird that spoke was a bullfinch called Dick, which had just come to live in a large house, and was well fed and much loved.

The bird that Dick was looking at was himself, for he was looking at a looking-glass; but he had never seen a looking-glass before, he had not even heard of one. So he thought that there was a real bird behind it.

Now, Dick was rather a greedy little fellow, and wanted everything to himself. So Dick’s first thought was a fear that this new bird was coming to share the good things which at present he had all to himself.

Dick, too, was rather jealous. So when he saw that the new bird was as big as himself, and as pretty as himself, was, indeed, altogether very much like himself, he feared that his mistress would be sure to love it as well as she loved him. Now, that Dick could not stand.

So he said, once again, in bird-talk but louder and sharper, “Go away! Do you hear? Go away!” and set

his feathers and spread his wings as if he were going to fly at the new bird's face to fight it.

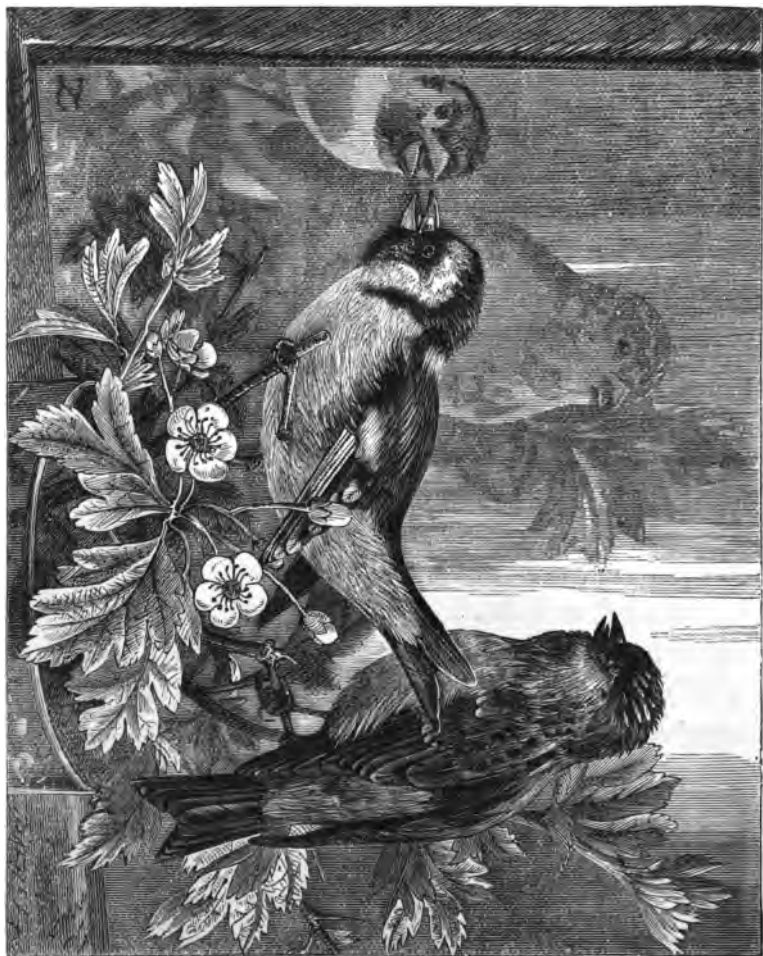
Then Dick found that this stranger not only would not go away, but that it actually mocked him. When Dick ruffled his feathers, the new bird did just the same. When Dick threatened to fly at it, it threatened to fly at him. So Dick became more angry still.

Now, Dick was proud, as well as greedy and jealous. So, being mocked, he could wait no longer, but flew at his enemy as hard as he could fly, right in his face.

Now, in his temper, Dick had forgotten the glass, and, of course, came against it with such force as almost to break his beak, and he fell back from it very much hurt; but he was soon up again to look after his enemy.

You may imagine his pain when he found that his enemy was up too, and, looking after him, was indeed still mocking him. So, despairing of doing any good and being in great pain, he said, "You are a very rude bird," and hopped away.

So you see that Dick was angry with another for being exactly like himself. Two boys fighting are often just like Dick at the glass. Each is angry with the bad temper of the other. Would it not be better for each to be angry with his own bad temper, and to fight against that?



ONE BRIGHT MAY DAY.

ONE bright warm May day, Margaret and Bertha set out to gather flowers for the bedrooms in the village hospital. The two girls had heard that the sick people who were lying in the beds there, and sitting up in the invalid chairs, were very fond of flowers, and were very glad to have some on their tables, and they felt that they should be very happy if flowers which they had gathered could be put there.

These two girls are in the front of the picture. Margaret is speaking to Bertha; Margaret has her basket full, and Bertha her pinafore. Some of the flowers are yellow, some are purple, and some white.

"Look," said Bertha, in great delight, opening her pinafore to Margaret, and showing a beautiful heap of pale yellow primroses, purple violets, and bright white blossoms of the blackthorn—"Look, what a *lot* I've got! *Won't* the sick people like them!"

"You have got a lot," replied Margaret; "but oh, how you have crushed them! Let me look—why, they have no stalks—they are all tops! Why didn't you pull them with their stalks too? I'm afraid they are no use, Bertha."



"LOOK, WHAT A 'LOT' I'VE GOT!"

"No use!" exclaimed Bertha, "no use! Why, they are very beautiful."

"Yes, very; but they won't keep if they are not put into water, and you can't put them into water, for they have no stalks. Look at mine—I've got mine with stalks too."

Poor Bertha saw what she had done—she had spoilt her flowers—and she burst into tears. But she was not vexed, she was only sorry, and so she said—

"Will you wait for me, Margaret? I'll gather some more."

"Oh, yes; I'll wait for you, and help you, if you like."

"No, thank you; *I'll* gather them, if you'll wait; I want to gather them my very self. I want the sick people to have flowers of my own getting."

So the brave little girl began her work over again, and this time gathered nearly all her flowers with stalks too. When she had gathered



ONE BRIGHT MAY DAY.

enough, she went up to Margaret again, and said, "There, will that do, Margaret?" and, as Margaret said they would do, and do very well, the two girls set off to the hospital with their beautiful present, and when the sick people knew that little children had gathered the pretty flowers on their tables, they thought the flowers prettier still; and they felt themselves getting well the faster.



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